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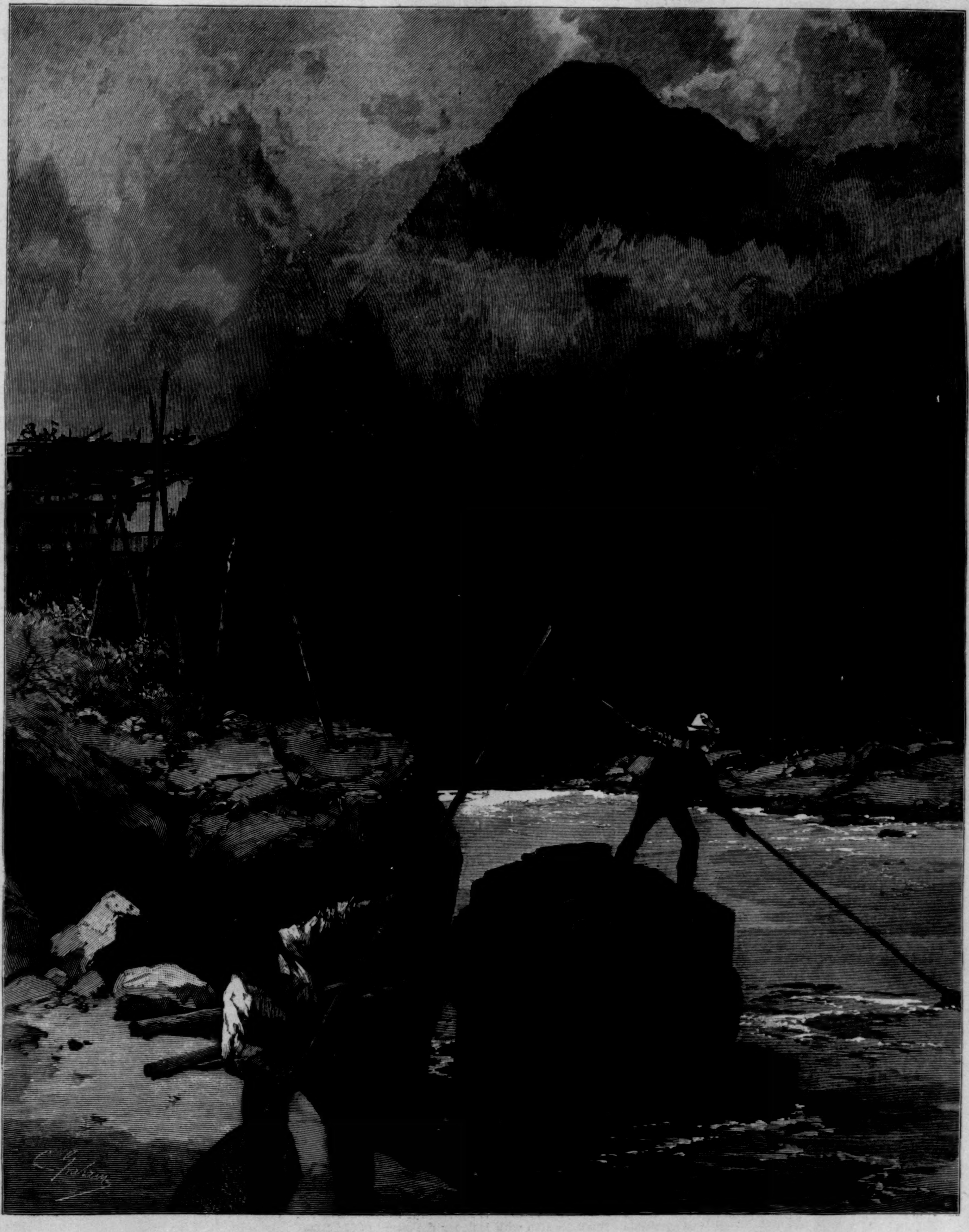

SALMON-FISHING ON THE FRAZER RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 739.]

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MR. SPEAKER.

No public man has recently risen into prominence so rapidly as Mr. Speaker Reed. As the leader of his party in the House, he was ready, clever, and bold, but he did not especially impress himself upon the country. His easy good-nature and rather indolent ability did not suggest great ambition, and the general observer who had no personal knowledge of him could hardly have foretold his course. Having reached the chair, however, no Speaker from the beginning has surpassed him in absolute control of the House. Henry Clay was not such an autocrat. His personality dominates the chamber to such a degree that no other figure is very eminent. Mr. Butterworth promised for a brilliant moment to assert his independence, but for a moment only. Mr. McKinley and Mr. Lodge are the trusty lieutenants of the Speaker. The Speaker's will is the law of the House, and his will has reversed wise precedents and demolished valuable traditions, and has even been able to shield Mr. Cannon from the rebuke that a self-respecting House, master of itself, would have administered. In the midst of his victorious sway the Speaker went home to Maine to meet his constituents on the eve of the election. His journey through New England was a triumphal progress. Mr. Blaine would not have been received with more enthusiastic acclamation. The journey was a political event, for the country felt that here was a new and powerful candidate for the Presidential nomination of his party.

The secret of this sudden and remarkable eminence lies in the force and skill with which Mr. Reed represents extreme partisanship. As a partisan he is equally able and aggressive. His defiant stand in the organization of the House at once impressed the country as vigorous self-reliance, and kindled party spirit into glowing admiration, while his crisp and audacious defence of his conduct as the action of the House, and his amusing assumption that there is but one side, and that his own side, are all most agreeable and exciting to mere party feeling. The Speaker's assumptions, indeed, are simple and comprehensive. The choice of good citizenship lies between the two parties, and the Speaker regards the Democratic party in Dr. Johnson's spirit, who said that the devil was the first Whig. In the Speaker's view, the Democratic party is a conspiracy against good government and the public welfare. It is still the old antebellum pro-slavery organization to maintain at all hazards Southern ascendency, to secure Southern interests. It hates the Union, despises the Constitution, and, unable to overthrow the government by force, proposes by every form of fraud and intrigue, by violent destruction of the rights of suffrage at home, and by every trick of parliamentary procedure in Congress, to supersede the government of a majority by the rule of a truculent and treasonable minority, prevailing by terror and fraud, and bent upon the ruin of all that good men value. This is one party. The other, composed of virtuous and patriotic citizens, aims only at honest government, at justice, order, equal rights, general intelligence, universal prosperity, and happiness, to be achieved by wisdom, justice, and the rule of the majority. This is the party which has done everything that has been done in the country, and has done it in despite of the other party, which exists only to destroy everything in which the individual welfare of its members, as of the rest of the people, is bound up.

This is the fundamental assumption, and all the rest follows. In defending it, the Speaker skilfully and plausibly asserts, omits, and evades. He shows incontestably that the majority ought to govern. But his argument leaves no place for the minority, and no occasion for its presence. He carefully forgets to state that constitutions and parliamentary rules are framed to protect minorities and to restrain majorities. It is because the reckless tyranny of majorities is familiar that the political genius of the English race has provided every parliamentary device of reasonable delay, that when the majority is abusing its power, the minority may arouse the country to interfere by protest and remonstrance. Undoubtedly the House must not be held at the mercy of a minority. But the just right of a minority to delay action was never more conclusively vindicated than by Speaker Reed when he was a member of the minority in the House. The art of the Speaker consists in plausibly drawing conclusions that do not follow from his principles, and thereby seeming to justify them. The counting of a quorum, the repression of debate, the forcing through the House a tariff bill and an election bill as obedience to "the mandate of the country," the allegation that every pledge of the party has been fulfilled, when one of its chief pledges has been contemptuously and ostentatiously neglected—all these things, said and done in a bright, breezy, cheery, bantering way, greatly fascinate a party which wishes to have them both done and plausibly justified. To have them done and justified also by a fresh and younger figure is so agreeable to the mass of a party as to make older leaders extremely uncomfortable. If Mr. Blaine did not mean to withdraw, it was certainly high time for him to bestir himself, and to show, as we have said, that he is still to be reckoned with.

VERMONT AND MAINE.

It is never easy to interpret precisely the significance of an election. We assume, for instance, that the election of a President shows popular approval of the principles and policy of his party. But it has happened that the verdict of the actual popular vote was against the candidate, although he was constitutionally elected. Local, individual, and other minor considerations often decide the result of elections. But certain conclusions may be sometimes certainly drawn. Thus, when Vermont, with no especial local reasons to affect the result, shows only about two-thirds of her usual Republican majority in the midst of a Republican administration, it is undeniable that the fact proves great party apathy. The political situation plainly does not arouse enthusiasm; and if there are great national measures of the party pending in Congress, and still the majority falls off by a third, the inference is indisputable that the party in Vermont is not ardently in favor of the passage of the bills. If the vote and the majority had been larger than usual, the result would have been justly interpreted as a sign of earnest approval of the measures. But a corresponding decline in other Republican States would defeat the party.

But the same reasoning applied to Vermont's neighbor, Maine, leads to the conclusion that the administration is sustained, as the chairman of the State Committee telegraphed to the President, and that the McKinley bill and the election bill are warmly approved. The Speaker did not return to Maine, and carry with him Mr. McKinley and Mr. Lodge, for nothing. He received a very much larger majority than ever. His State proudly sustains him. If Vermont is indifferent to the pending Congressional measures, Maine is not; and if the friends of Mr. Blaine watch with jealousy the ascent of Mr. Reed, they do not show it by any sulking at the polls. If the vote in Maine had declined as it did in Vermont, the decline would have been undeniably significant. The result, therefore, must be accepted as equally significant the other way. Complaints of a change of the Democratic candidate, of the uselessness of a contest in a certain State, and the other familiar excuses, do not avail. It may not be possible to define in detail the precise meaning of the result, but there is no doubt of its general meaning.

Two things would seem to be likely to follow. One is a great increase of the personal prestige of Mr. Reed; the other is the greater probability of the passage of the two chief measures now pending in Congress, whose authors and especial representatives took part in the Maine campaign. The result will seem to hesitating members of Congress both evidence of the approval of those measures by Maine Republicans and an exhortation not to "falter" in the good work of passing the election bill, as Mr. Reed said the party did in 1874, when the force bill was defeated with the aid of Messrs. Blaine, Garfield, and Hawley. Meanwhile one conspicuous actor upon the political stage will feel peculiar interest in the result. Will it seem to Mr. Blaine that the sceptre is passing to other hands? Will he see with pleasure, for the first time, a rival near the throne?

EXILING COLORED CITIZENS.

It is not easy to understand that the deportation of colored Americans to Africa is seriously treated by some public men and some able journals as a practical policy. It is a wilder fancy than that of the return of the Irish Americans to Ireland, because not only is Ireland more accessible, but because the Irish American cultivates a feeling for Ireland which no colored American ever cherishes for Africa. The colored race in this country is the least enterprising and aggressive class of the population; none is more dependent; and if there be doubt whether the Irish American could wisely govern Ireland, there is no doubt that the colored American in his present average condition could not wisely govern any country. The suggestion of deportation is grotesque. Consent is the preliminary condition, and of the millions of colored Americans, how many is it supposed would desire to go? The colored race has been planted here almost as long as the white race, and it is very doubtful if its attachment to the soil is not as ardent and clinging as that of any class of our mixed people.

It is sometimes said that removal would promote the welfare of the colored race. But how shall that be known? Who shall decide? Again, it is said that it would be much better for the country should they go. There is a very large number of Americans who are of opinion that it would have been very much better for the country had the Irish immigration been smaller. There is probably no doubt whatever that there would be general consent to the proposition that the large influx of Poles, Bohemians, and Danubians of various kinds is not a benefit to the country. Compared with the colored Americans, their numbers are very small, their coming is recent, and they have no American traditions, no affection for the country, no interest in it. But is it conceivable that it should be proposed seriously to send them all back to Europe? Undoubtedly the immense injection of totally alien elements into our national and political life is a question of the gravest character. But the effort to secure homogeneity by weeding out the population is not supposable. Restriction of increase by immigration, as in the case of the Chinese, is feasible. But whatever may be the problem of the colored American, his removal from the country is absolutely out of the range of practical statesmanship.

Moreover, the problem itself is largely speculative. The relation of races in our population cannot be adjusted arbitrarily. It is unquestionably true that great numbers of colored Americans are unfitted for political responsibility. But it is no truer than of great numbers among other races among us. By the complications of politics the city of New York is governed by the least intelligent of its citizens, the least qualified for such responsibility, and very much less American by birth, tradition, association, and sympathy than the colored citizens in the Southern States. But deportation of such voters was never suggested as a remedy for the situation. On the contrary, there is no doubt of the true remedy. It lies in the union for municipal purposes of the intelligent and well-meaning citizens of all races and nativity. That union will cure the trouble, and nothing else will, and the union depends upon the most intelligent, not the least intelligent citizens. When they choose to prefer the public welfare to party victory, the city will be well governed. This is probably equally true in the communities which are perplexed by the negro problem. Whenever intelligent colored citizens feel that they are not ostracised by the determination that negroes shall not rule, the solution of the trouble will be found to be much simpler and more practicable than deportation.

A TURN IN THE TIDE.

In the campaign of 1888 it was a frequent remark of the tariff reformers that among an intelligent people like the American—for stump-orators are apt to flatter the sovereign—a high tariff would lead to a reaction which would tend to sweep away all tariffs. This remark is justified by the unexpected turn given to the tariff debate by Mr. Blaine, Mr. Sherman, Mr. Plumb, Mr. Paddock, and other protectionists, and by the remarks of some of the chief protection journals.

Mr. Blaine's proposition of reciprocity with South America was followed by Mr. Sherman's with Canada; and Mr. Plumb's declaration that the people of the United States ought to be considered as well as certain favored classes, was echoed by that of the secretary of the Home Market Club, who said that an article which can be produced elsewhere cheaper than in this country, due protection being given to American labor, ought to be admitted free if those countries will take what we can produce more cheaply than they. In many protection journals, also, it is now stated that duties should be limited to a rate which will equalize the wages of labor, because American industry asks only fair play and no favor.

All this is very significant. It shows that the party of administration does not agree with Senator Hiscock that the result of the election was a mandate to Congress to pass the McKinley bill. It might be fairly interpreted as a mandate for revising the tariff in the interests of American labor, but not of individual privilege. Mr. Sherman's proposition is practically one of free-trade with the Dominion. Mr. Erastus Wiman, who has made a close study of the question of Canadian reciprocity, and speaks with the authority of knowledge, says:

> "No greater move of statesmanship was ever made than that which would, on the continent of North America, double the area of trade of such a country as the United States, and that, too, without the drawing of a sword, the shedding of a drop of blood, or the expenditure of a single dollar. In all the history of the world no single act of legislation equals the proposal of the Ohio Senator in its immediate promise of enlarged opportunity for so great a number of people, or that may have consequences so beneficial to mankind at large. Certainly the potato patches of Maine and Vermont, the meagre profits of a few fishing smacks, and the coal interests of a score of mine owners should not stand in the way of a movement so vast in its results as will bring within the control of this country the product of regions of arable soil far more extensive than those of the United States; coal territories 97,000 square miles in extent; a coast line of fisheries 5000 miles long; mineral wealth, even in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, within sight of New England, testified by Governor Andrew to be greater than that of New York and Pennsylvania combined."

The proposition which Mr. Wiman extols so highly is one which Mr. Sherman says would make our commerce with Canada as free as between the States of the Union. This would be an extraordinary result of a protectionist victory.

EMPLOYERS AND EMPLOYED.

The letters of Powderly to Lee, which were produced at the investigation of the late Central strike, were a curious disclosure of the situation of the organization of the Knights of Labor. They show a body of workmen secretly combined against their employers as their enemies. The object of the workmen, as represented in the letters, was not to do their work honestly and well as men and citizens, but to arrange and prepare and conspire in order to make a successful demand at a fortunate moment to secure some advantage. The only reason suggested for such a movement at the time of the correspondence was that the railroad company was "laying off" men, apparently for no other reason than that they were members of this organization.

Now we believe that any honest man in any employment would acknowledge that such a reason was valid. If any such honest man were himself an employer, and while paying his men the wages they asked, and maintaining perfectly friendly relations with them, he learned that some of them were combined and waiting and watching for a convenient moment to make a demand upon him under a threat of ruining his business if he did not comply, would he not feel himself entirely justified in getting rid of such employés as fast as he could? Could he honestly blame any man or any company that did the same thing?

Powderly dissuaded Lee from encouraging the strike at the time it occurred, but only for the reason that the time was ill-chosen; and he intimated that a better time would be the year of the World's Fair, when the enormous traffic of the road and the consequent loss from interruption of communication would induce the company to grant almost any demand. In view of the light which these letters throw on such combinations, no sensible man can be surprised that there is profound distrust of employés whose fundamental principle is that the employer is their natural enemy, whom they must circumvent in every possible way. Such a view cannot lead to pleasant relations, nor dispose either the employer or the employé to be friendly. It will naturally, as we say, incline the employer to do just what the employé would do in his place—get rid of such employés with all despatch.

RAILROAD WRECKING.

The recent attempts to wreck trains on the Central Railroad, and to massacre crowds of human beings, are either works of insanity or of the most devilish malice. But that they are the freaks of maniacs nobody believes. There is no doubt that they are the crimes of those who are as much enemies of the human race as pirates who scuttle and abandon in mid-ocean a vessel crowded with men and women. No crime is at once more ghastly and more dastardly, and none arouses a deeper or more general public indignation.

It is, however, a natural result of the theory which, as we remark elsewhere, is contained in Powderly's correspondence with Lee. If the employer and the employed are natural enemies, and each is to be the judge in every case of the enormity of the offence and of the proper remedy, it is a simple condition of war, in which each will do what harm he can to the other. In a state of war there can be no certainty that what are called the laws of war will be observed. There is no security that wells may not be poisoned or houses burnt with women and children in them. If the employer thinks that the employed meditates mischief, he may cut him suddenly adrift. If the employed thinks the employer a tyrant, he may shoot him from behind a hedge.

It is undoubtedly the tendency of "labor" organizations and orators to represent and to believe capital to be in some sense tyranny; and rich men, because they are rich, oppressors; and great companies only vast and cruel despotisms. The effect of such views, impressed with the most angry exaggeration upon the minds of ignorant men struggling desperately for a livelihood, is easily conceivable. It produces a mental condition from which crimes like railroad wreckings spring. But while, as between the employer and the employed, it is foolish to suppose one side wholly right in every difference and the other wholly wrong, there is but one view of atrocious crimes like those attempted on the Central road. Every honest man, rich or poor, takes the same view of crimes which are not only horrible in themselves, but the consequences of which are certain to fall most heavily on those whom the crimes are supposed in some way to help or to revenge.

A SPEECH NOT TO BE RECALLED.

Mr. Kennedy, of Ohio, lately read in the House a written speech, in which he spoke of the Senate and of Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania. The speech was heard by reporters from every part of the country, and was universally known the next day There is no doubt whatever of what Mr. Kennedy said, and what he said is honestly a part of the public record. He may modify it or suppress it in the published report, but nobody will read that, and his words remain, like the words of Mr. Cannon a few days before, and they are known to the whole country.

Mr. Kennedy denounced Senator Quay more vehemently and specifically than any member of one House was ever assailed by a member of the other. He described the Senate as disgraced by the presence of the Senator, and as fallen far from the time when Senators would have scorned "the purchase of a seat, and would have denied companionship to one whose name was tarnished even by a suspicion of infamy or corruption." He proceeded at length and elaborately to demolish the custom called Senatorial courtesy, which is unquestionably the cloak of many wrongs, and which, he said, has now "become a stench in the nostrils and a byword in the mouths of all the honest citizens of the land."

Mr. Kennedy then addressed himself specifically to Senator Quay: "The Judas Iscariot of 2000 years ago is to find a counterpart in the Judas Iscariot of to-day. The Judas who took the thirty pieces of silver and went and hanged himself has left an example for the Matt Quays that is well worthy of their imitation." He said that he did not know whether the charges made against the chairman of the National Republican Committee were true or false, but he did know that as a great Republican leader he owed it to his party either to brand them as infamies, or to prove their falsity, or else to relinquish his leadership.

> "He has done neither, and for this I denounce him. The Republican party cannot afford to follow the lead of a branded criminal. He has failed to justify himself, and though opportunity and ample time have been given him, he remains silent. His silence under such circumstances is the confession of guilt. An honorable man does not long dally when his honor is assailed. He has delayed too long to justify the belief in his innocence, and he stands a convicted criminal before the bar of public opinion. Under such circumstances he should be driven from the head of a party whose very life his presence imperils. The Republican party has done enough for its pretended leader. Let him be relegated to the rear. It is no longer a question of his vindication; it is now a question of the life of the party itself."

Senator Quay asks Pennsylvania and the country to accept absolute silence as a complete and satisfactory answer. The country naturally awaits with profound interest the answer of Pennsylvania to the Senator's invitation.

THE CAMPAIGN IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The force and character of the Republican protest in Pennsylvania are shown by the publication of the address signed by Republicans and by voters of Republican sympathies, declaring against Mr. Delamater and in favor of Mr. Pattison. This declaration is based upon one cardinal consideration. It is not poiltical, but moral. The Republican platform approves without reservation Matthew Quay, whose name is a term of political corruption. The success of the candidates of the Convention would be the ratification of that approval by the Republican party of Pennsylvania, and as good Republicans, good citizens, and honest men, the signers of the protest cannot acquiesce in such a stigma upon the Republican party and the people of Pennsylvania.

The protest states something which has not been generally known, and treats it conclusively. Mr. Delamater, it says, has explained privately that he was obliged to seem to be in sympathy with Mr. Quay, but really he is not, as he would prove should he be elected. The protest well says:

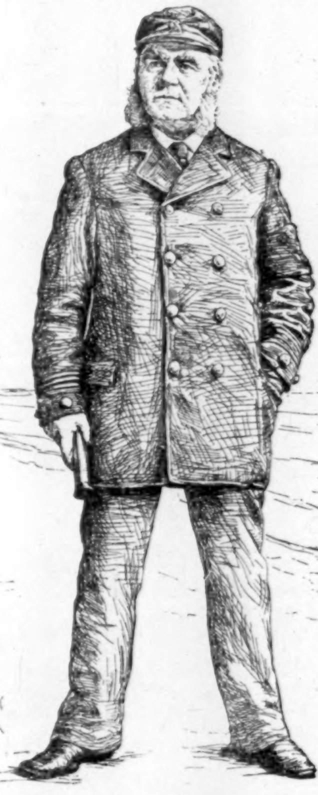
> "If this explanation and this pledge of the Republican candidate is sincere, it proves him false to his political friends, and false to the party platform which endorses Mr. Quay; hence his promises of reform are unworthy of confidence. But even in the event of Mr. Delamater's entire sincerity in offering such an explanation and making such promises no intelligent voter can for an instant suppose him, when in the position of Governor of the State, without the power of patronage, capable of fulfilling his promises or exercising any appreciable influence for reform. Mr. Quay controls the patronage of the State; hence the political power of Pennsylvania rests in his hands, not in the hands of the Governor. The election of Mr. Delamater means the public endorsement of Mr. Quay, and the increase of his prestige, not only in the State, but in the country, the encouragement of his methods, the elevation to greater and greater power of men made in his mould."

The protest is signed by citizens of the highest character and standing, and it is a very striking sign of the times. It shows that there is a sound patriotic conservatism which recoils from the mad excesses of a party spirit that permits the dominance of leaders like Quay, and acquiesces in the corruption by which such leaders buy their way. It is a wise conservatism which is not appalled by epithets or other scarecrows, and which makes its protest effective by voting for the opponent of the Quay candidate, an opponent who is personally of unstained character, and who has already proved his peculiar fitness for the office of Governor.

PERSONAL.

Madame Modjeska, who has been spending a few months on her ranch in California, is now on her way to Poland to visit her mother, over eighty years old, and her son and his wife and three-year-old baby, for the clever actress is a grandmother. She will remain abroad till next spring, and in the fall will travel with a theatrical company of her own.

—Captain McMickan, formerly Commodore of the Cunard Steam-ship Company's fleet, died recently at Liverpool. He had been in the company's employ since 1859, and besides sailing on the Mediterranean for a number of years, had crossed the Atlantic 425 times. He commanded the *Umbria* when she reduced the record of western passages to a little over six days, and at different times was Captain of other leading Cunarders.



—Field-Marshal Count von Moltke will be ninety years old in November, and the whole German army and the schools are to celebrate the day.

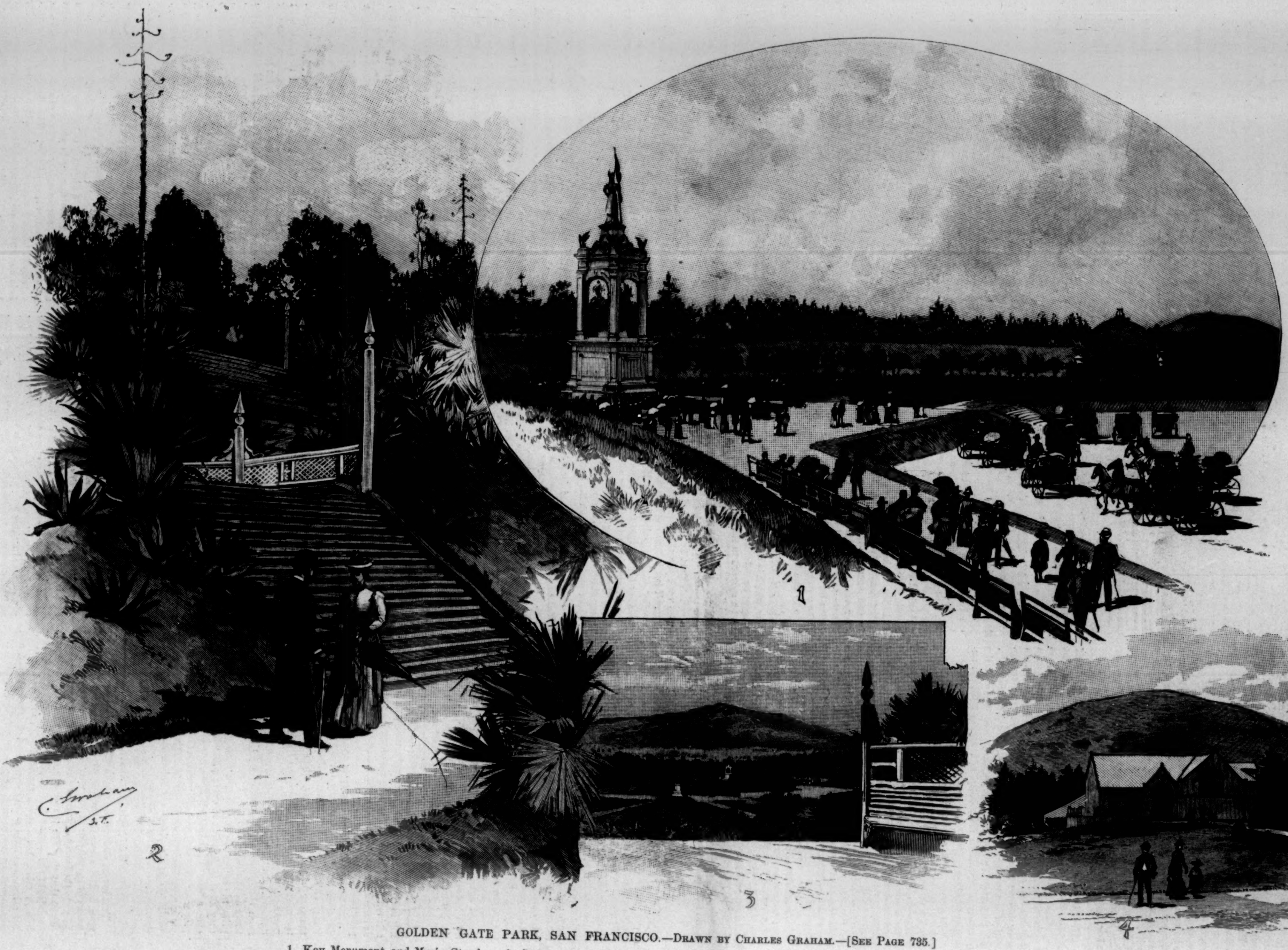
—Colonel Lebel, the celebrated inventor of the French magazine-gun, is fifty-two years old, and has retired, on account of ill health, after thirty-five years of service in the army.

—George D. M. Peixotto, the young American artist, has been commissioned by the Emperor of Germany to paint the portrait of Prince Bismarck.

—Rev. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, is a man whose personal appearance would imply that he was an intellectual rather than an athletic climber. During his last summer's trip to Europe, however, he scaled the Matterhorn.

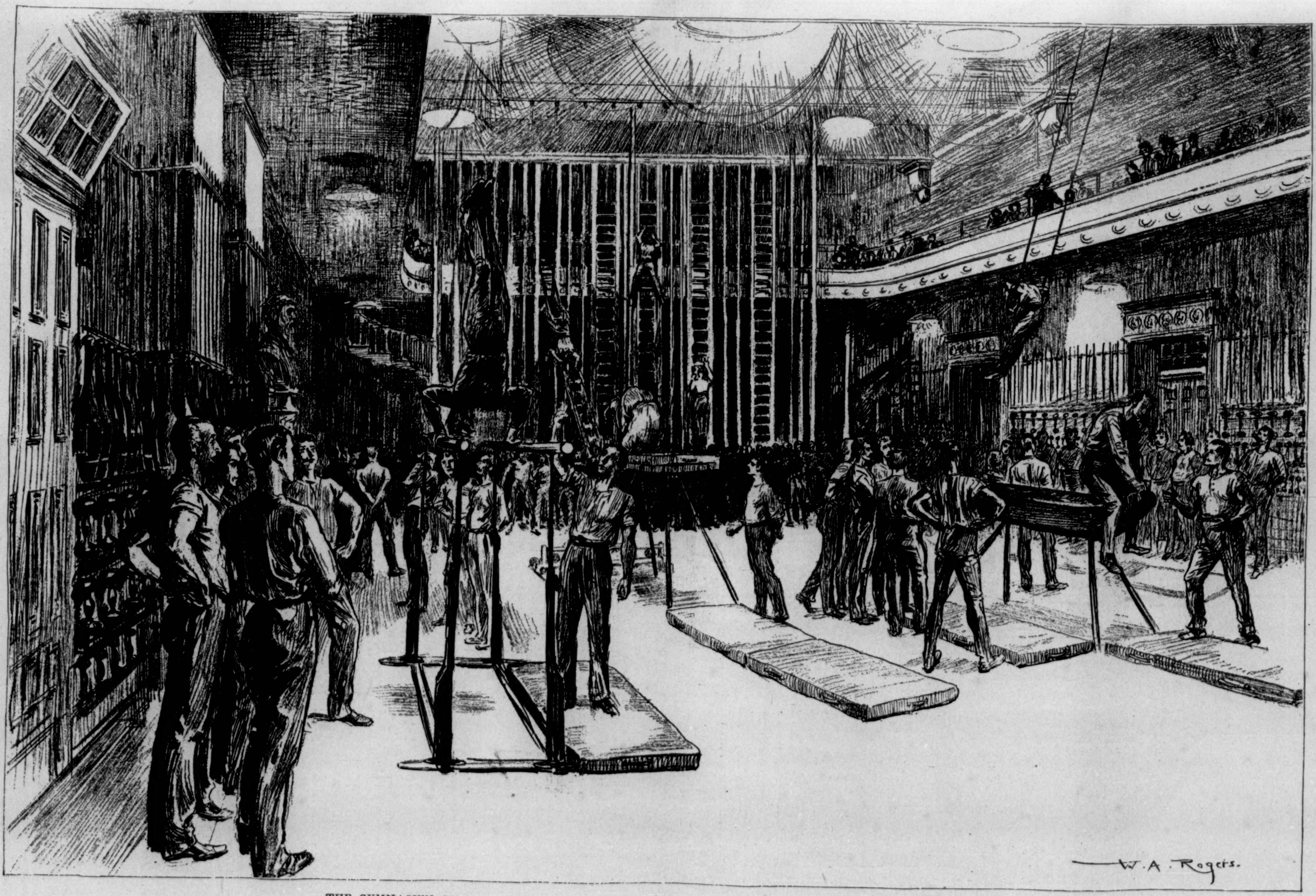
—In his article on "Cycling in the United States," published in the Weekly, T. B. Prial omitted to state that the founder of the League of American Wheelmen was our esteemed contributor Kirk Munroe. In 1880 Mr. Munroe was editor of Harper's Young People, and also Captain of the New York Bicycle Club. He suggested to the club the calling of a national convention of wheelmen. The suggestion was accepted. In obedience to that call 150 wheelmen met, on May 30th of that year, at Newport. Mr. Munroe called the meeting to order, stated its objects, and proposed that an association be formed, to be known as the "League of American Wheelmen." The League was formed, and Mr. Munroe was chosen its first Commander, a position which he held for two years. He is still an active wheelman, and rides daily.

—Writing in regard to a recent article in the Weekly on the Methodist University at Ogden, Mr. C. A. Whiting, of the University of Deseret, says: "The Territorial university is not, nor has it ever been, a 'Mormon University.' As a matter of fact, a majority of the Board of Regents are 'Gentiles,' and the faculty is composed of both Gentiles and Mormons, chosen solely because of their supposed fitness for the chairs they occupy. The charge that the university is 'feebly conducted' I believe to be ill-founded. It is unquestionably the leading educational institution in the Great Basin. Many of its professors are graduates of Eastern universities, and they are one and all working to bring their several departments up to the grade of their Alma Maters."

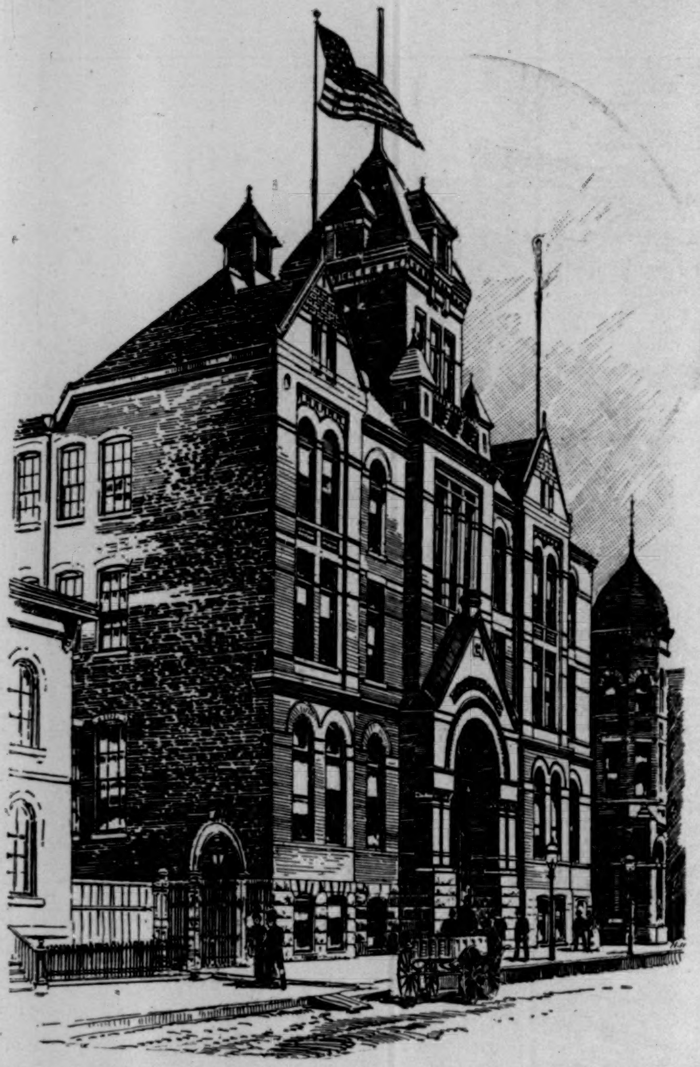


GOLDEN GATE PARK, SAN FRANCISCO.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 735.]

1. Key Monument and Music Stand. 2. Stairway and Century-Plants. 3. View of Park from the Stairway. 4. Children's Play-House.



THE GYMNASIUM OF THE CENTRAL TURN VEREIN, NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 734.]



THE MILWAUKEE TURN VEREIN—After a Photo. by Bangs.

TURN VEREINS IN AMERICA.

Few people in America have any idea of the nature of the organization of Germans known as the North-American Turner Bund, the general idea being that the intention simply is to provide for gymnastic and athletic exercise for men and women, boys and girls, and with that its functions end. Such, however, is not the case. Although primarily intended for that purpose, the Turner Bund has developed largely, and its Turnhalles, or club-houses, throughout the country contain schools for both sexes, where music, art, science, and literature, with a special reference to that of Germany, are the subject of a great deal of attention. As one of the prevailing characteristics of the German people is the desire on the part of the men to have their families take part in all their pleasures, people rarely see the citizen of German birth leave his family behind, and go off to enjoy a holiday by himself. On the contrary, he seems to require their company in order that he may make his outing the more enjoyable. This characteristic has had a great deal to do with the success of the Turn Vereins.

The members of the Turner Bunds of America are almost exclusively of German birth or parentage, and at present are about 40,000 in number. The branches of the great Turner union are about 250 in all, and many of the halls and grounds are extensive and valuable, the cost reaching far into the millions. Although it was in the early part of the present century that the Turners rose into prominence in Germany, through the efforts of Father Jahn, it was not until 1848 that the first steps were taken to establish like societies in America. In that year about thirty Germans, who were exiled from their native land, met in New York city, and organized the New York Turn Verein. It was modelled upon the German gymnasium, but was at that time little more than a social club. Next in order was the Cincinnati Turn Verein, and through a reorganization of the New York Turn Verein in 1850 it is now the oldest in the country. Each month saw the formation of a new society, and in 1850 13 of their representatives met in Philadelphia to form the Turner union which has now become so strong. In 1861 over 150 societies had been organized, when the outbreak of the civil war checked all further progress. Many flourishing societies enlisted in the Northern army in a body, and so few members remained that all the societies were dissolved, and the Turner Bund practically went out of existence. The war was not over, however, before the Germans went to work again upon their beloved union, and in September, 1864, representatives from various cities met in New York to reorganize. The New York societies worked like beavers, and the great Turner Bund was on its feet again. Since that time it has grown steadily until it is a power among Germans throughout the land. In every town and city where there is a colony of Germans a society is formed, and everybody takes part in the general benefit derived from it.

Briefly thus has been given the early history of the Turner Bund, and its present standing is now of interest. On the first day of April, 1890, there were 35 Bezirks, or districts, in the North-American Turner Bund, with a membership of 35,912, the Chicago Bezirk having the largest number (5022), and Florida the smallest (20). The Central Turn Verein of New York city had 1800 members—the largest club in the Turner Bund. The number of active Turners in the Bund is 7337, while there are 24,880 scholars, of whom 7735 are girls. One hundred and seventy vereins own their halls, and the valuation of these is $2,881,169. Other real estate cost $1,241,637, and the apparatus, libraries, furniture, and other property will add $535,164, making a total property valuation of $4,774,221, upon which are liabilities of $2,114,038.

The New York Turn Bezirk (district) is composed of 11 vereins (clubs), as follows: New York, Bloomingdale, Melrose, Yonkers, Carlstadt, Harlem, New Brooklyn, Social Demokratischer, Central, Staten Island, and German American, of Melrose. Of these the Central is the largest, and the New York is next in size. Although the property of the Central Turn Verein is valued at $770,000, and that of the New York Turn Verein at $168,572, the latter has the larger amount of property free from liabilities. The number of scholars in the primary schools of the New York Turn Verein is much larger than that of any other in the district, there being 1900, with nine teachers, while the Central Turn Verein has 400 scholars and five teachers. In number of scholars in the gymnasium the Central Turn Verein leads, having 984, of which 239 are girls, while the New York Turn Verein has 876, of which 262 are girls. In both of these respects the two New York city vereins surpass all others in the country.

The New York Turn Verein received its charter in 1856, and its first house was on the site of the Newsboys' Lodging-house. Its first gymnasium was on the northeast corner of Frankfort and William streets. In 1851 it moved to Broome Street, and a year later to the corner of Canal Street and Broadway. While in the Broome Street house it was dispossessed for non-payment of five dollars rent. In 1856 it went to Delancey Street, and two years later went back to its old place in Canal Street. The association had become so strong in 1859 that it purchased the old Quaker church in Orchard Street, where it remained until 1871. During the last-named term the war depleted the ranks of the Turners, about 70 per cent. of the New York Turn Verein enlisting. In 1871 the hall in Orchard Street was sold, the ground at 66 and 68 East Fourth Street was bought, the present building was put up, and dedicated in 1872. Since then the society has pushed steadily ahead, until it now has property valued at $120,000, a large library, and about 1000 members. There is in connection with it an excellent dramatic section, and plays are given to large audiences during the winter.

The Central Turn Verein was incorporated in 1886 with 400 members, and now has a membership of 2000. Fifty compose the dramatic section, there is a maennerchor of a hundred members, and musical, zither, and chess clubs are also within the verein. Tuesdays and Fridays the younger members take their exercise, while on Wednesdays and Saturdays the older men take their turns in the gymnasium. The house at Sixty-seventh Street, near Third Avenue, is one of the largest club-houses in the United States, and is the best equipped Turn Hall in the world, being 175 feet long, 104 feet deep, six stories high, and built of brick, iron, and sandstone. Everything possible for the comfort of the members has been provided, and the gymnasium is fitted up with every conceivable kind of apparatus for the development of the various muscles of the human body. In no gymnasium in the country can so large a number of men exercise at the same time, while back of it is a big swimming bath for the use of the members. When the room is in use, the sight is a pretty one. The gallery is filled with the friends of the members, the flying rings and trapezes are shooting through the air, carrying their human freight, the climbing poles and ropes are swarming with athletes, and strong-limbed Turners are at work on the parallel and the horizontal bars; the jumping and vaulting apparatus is in constant use, and here and there dumb-bells and Indian clubs are swinging. All the participants are agile, and their cheeks are flushed with the glow of health—unquestioned evidence of the great good of physical culture.

The Milwaukee Turn Hall is one of the most comfortable in the West, and in that city at one time was the Teacher's Seminary, supported by the Bund, where all the teachers throughout the country received their education. In Milwaukee also is published the official organ of the Bund, *Die Amerikanische Turnzeitung.*

The North-American Turner Bund is governed by a congress, which meets every two years. Each society, or verein, is allowed one representative for every fifty members, and they meet in a city named by the previous congress. The city selected has the power to name fifteen men, who form an executive committee, of which the president of the Turner Bund is chairman. This committee practically transacts all the business. It is not a political organization in any sense of the word, nor has it any insurance or benefit attachment of any kind. It was organized and is maintained in the belief that children should be educated physically at the same time as they receive mental instruction, in order that the best educational results may be arrived at. It also devotes its energies to getting the system of physical culture introduced into the public schools, and has met with a degree of success in Chicago, Pittsburgh, Kansas City, and several smaller places.

Although no effort is made by the Turner Bund to induce children to attend the schools supported by it, there are, as has been before stated, some 17,000 scholars in the various Turn Vereins throughout the country. Here every day the children are taught speaking, reading, writing, singing, free-hand and geometrical drawing, and many other useful branches of education by professional teachers. Besides this, physical culture is indulged in largely. Twice a week, and sometimes oftener, every one of the scholars is drilled in calisthenics and exercising on the apparatus. Even the little children in the kindergarten are obliged to do something to strengthen their limbs and bodies. Within the vereins societies have been formed for education and amusement, and there are singing, dramatic, and debating clubs, while some members resort to chess, checkers, and other games of skill and chance for their leisure time. The scholars are Juniors until they reach the age of eighteen, when they enter the ranks of the Seniors, continuing as Seniors until they are thirty.

The club gymnastic exercises take place twice a week, and all members under thirty years old must attend them. The gymnasium scholars are divided into classes, each with an instructor called a Vorturner. These instructors are under the direction of a chief instructor called a Turnwart, whose rank in the Turner Bund is next in importance to that of the president. The Vorturners, with the Turnwart as chairman, constitute a committee of management, and are called Vorturnerschaft. They have complete control of all athletic matters, and none of them is paid a salary. No member of the verein is allowed to use the appliances in the gymnasium without first showing the instructors that he is familiar with them. As the object of the exercises is to develop all the muscles of the body as nearly equally as possible, each class has different exercises on each meeting night. In order that absolute regularity of exercise may be had, each class has a table which shows what special apparatus is to be used on different nights. A dozen or more wooden slips, on each of which is painted one method of exercise, are placed in a box, and at the end of each night's work the first slip is removed, another falls in its place, showing what is to be done the next night, and the old slip is placed at the back, to again make its appearance in front after a few weeks. By this method no particular sets of muscles are developed at the expense of others. This is kept up until the scholars are thirty, when they are at liberty to practise or not, as they choose. The development of special muscles is discouraged, and an effort is made to turn out athletes equally good at the different sports.

The Bundesturnfest, or festival of the North-American Turner Bund, in which all the vereins in America contest for the championships of the United States, takes place every four years. Here the Germans of America meet and compete for honors in the athletic sports, for which they have been in training for years. The festival lasts for three or four days, and is held in the open air. One day is given up to the grand championship contest between the different vereins throughout the country, and thousands of men, women, and children watch the pick of the athletes of the different cities as they perform their feats of agility, strength, and endurance. Happy is the man who leads all others in general excellence, and proud indeed is the verein which receives the first prize for best average showing in all branches of gymnastic work. On other days special events take place. In the great park where the festival takes place may be seen the members of the Turner Bund, each taking his or her own way of enjoyment. Here may be seen jumping contests, where admirers of the sport or of the competitors are watching closely. In another part of the ground the cadet corps are drilling, and their evolutions are overlooked eagerly by hundreds. Elsewhere the singing clubs are giving pleasure to hundreds of Germans as the voices are heard in songs of the Father-land, sung with an enthusiasm and swing which carry everything before them, and the crack of the rifle rings out above it all as the marksmen are winning for themselves the many prizes in their own particular field. Old friends meet at the festival, old times are talked over, and when the festival ends with a grand parade, in which thousands take part, everybody goes home with food for conversation for months, and looking forward to the next festival, which will bring them all together again.

The great festival is not the only meeting of Turners by any means, for in the intervals between the general festivals come the meetings of the separate districts for the local championships. At other times the contests for the championships of the different States take place, and besides this the different vereins hold annual meetings. It is at these lesser contests that the Turners making the best records are chosen to represent their vereins in the great quadrennial festival.

One of the more important of the district meetings is the Bezirksturnfest of the Turn Bezirk of New York, which takes place on September 20th, 21st, and 22d next at Washington Park, Sixty-ninth Street and East River, New York city. Many of the hundreds of active Turners will compete, and when the three days' contest is over, the winners will have fairly earned the honors they may obtain. All of the eleven Turn Vereins in the New York Turn Bezirk will send their picked athletes, and thousands will be there to watch them.

The exercises during the three days of the Bezirksturnfest are varied enough to interest everybody, from the oldest men to the smallest children. Amusements in which all can take part have been provided for, and there will scarcely be a dull moment during the three days of the festival. In addition to the many bewildering movements in the drills of the different vereins, and the trials on the apparatus and in the field by individuals, there will be contests in declamation, singing, and literature. Every part of the big grounds will be occupied, and it will not be easy to miss something entertaining at all hours of the day.

Probably the greatest enjoyment will be got out of the contest of the vereins for the championship of the Bezirk in marching and exercises with the iron bar. Picked men will try and see which can be the most graceful and accurate in the evolutions which have been indulged in at each festival in the past, and will probably be in the future. The gymnasts of the clubs will also be seen in their flights over the vaulting horses, and each verein will strive to lead in that respect. For the third part of the verein contests any particular feature of turning may be chosen, and upon the work done in all three parts will depend the championship. Although the personal rivalry among the members of each verein is very great, they will forget this when the club contests are on, and each will strive for the honor of his particular club, that being considered to be of the highest importance.

The individual contests are many, but the greatest stress is laid upon the all-around championship, the winning of this being most sought after. To win the all-around championship of the Bezirk, the contestants must take part in eight different competitions, as follows: horizontal bar, parallel bars, vaulting sideways, vaulting lengthwise, high jumping, broad jumping, putting the 37½-pound shot, and climbing the rope for distance. The work upon the first four will consist of three exercises, five points being the maximum record to be gained in each, or 60 points in all. In the high jump a running start will be taken, and the Turner clearing 42 inches receives one point, every two inches above that up to 60 gives another point, and beyond that mark each inch scores a point. In the broad jump, which is also from a running start, 12 feet entitles the jumper to one point, every foot after that up to 15 feet yields a point, and every six inches extra afterward a point. Putting the shot is scored in the same way as the broad jump. Climbing the rope—which is 50 feet long and 1½ inches in diameter—gives one point for 20 feet, and one point for every two feet additional. The contestant gaining the greatest number of points is declared to be the champion all-around Turner, and his prize is a gold wreath. The next six in rank will get silver wreaths. In addition the winner in each of the eight events will receive a gold wreath.

Next in importance to the individual contests are the competitions comprising the pole vault, hop, skip, and jump, combined high and long jump, and putting up the 47-pound dumb-bell. In the pole vault the Turner who clears the bar at six feet secures one point, for every four inches more up to eight feet another point is added, and above that mark a point is given for every two inches. For clearing 26 feet in the hop, skip, and jump, one point is given; for 28 feet, two points; for 30 feet, three points, and one point for each additional foot after that. To gain one point in the high and long jump the competitors must jump over five feet of ground, clearing a bar two and a half feet high at the same time. Another point will be scored for each additional two inches in height and six inches in length. One point goes to the athlete putting up the dumb-bell twice, and an extra point for each two times up to ten, then one point for each time thereafter.

The other prize athletic contests are six in number, and a special prize will be given to the winner in each. They are as follows. wrestling, club-swinging, swimming, throwing the lance, running, and fencing. In the wrestling contests the Turners are classified according to size and weight, and are paired off by the three judges. Each wrestler meets the other, and for every fall the loser gets a point; the bouts last for three minutes, and points are deducted by the judges for especially good work on the part of the wrestlers. The Turner who has the smallest number of points is adjudged the winner. The fencing bouts will be contests with foils and broadswords, and each fencer meets all of the others, as in the wrestling. In the club-swinging five-pound clubs are used, and trials last five minutes; the points upon which the prize is awarded are number of evolutions and combinations, style, and general execution. In throwing the lance, grace and strength are both taken into consideration. Speed, endurance, grace in swimming, and style in jumping and diving are the features of the swimming contest. The distance to be gone over in the running contest is 656 feet, and each competitor who covers the distance in 35 seconds gets one point, for every second less than that time another point is given.

In the prize declamation the Turners are allowed to speak any piece they choose, and they will doubtless be listened to by hundreds. The singing contest is divided into two parts. In the first, the vereins will be allowed to sing any song they choose; but in the second, the judges will give them a folk song to sing. In the literary contest the Turners will write an essay upon the following subject: "Why is there not as much life among the Turners in the East as in the West?" and suggesting a remedy for the fault.

The first day of the Turnfest (Saturday, September 20th) will be devoted to the reception of the visiting vereins, the preparation of their quarters in Washington Park, and an inspection of the Central Turn Hall in East Sixty-seventh Street, which will be the head-quarters of the Turn Bezirk during the festival. At eight o'clock there will be a speech of welcome by S. D. Sewards, followed by a "Kommers" in the Central Turn Hall. On Sunday the festival will begin early. Breakfast will be eaten at half past six o'clock, to be followed at seven o'clock by the march to the grounds. At eight o'clock the contestants in the games will be numbered, and at nine o'clock the general all-around contests will begin. At eleven o'clock the parade of the clubs intending to compete for the championship of the Bezirk will take place. Dinner will be had at noon, and then from two to four the contests for the Bezirk championship will take place. From four to five there will be an exhibition by all the active Turners in the Bezirk, and from five to seven the six special contests will take place. At eight o'clock, in the Central Turn Hall, the prize singing and declamation will be heard, and after that will come a summer night's festival.

Monday morning from seven to eight o'clock the swimming competitions will take place in Braun's Swimming Baths, while the special prize contests will be completed in the park. The hour between half past eight and half past nine will be devoted to a grand parade, while special turning feats will occupy the time from ten o'clock until noon, when dinner will be served. In the afternoon from two to four all the Turners will engage in the hop, skip, and jump, pole vaults, and other exercises. From four until six o'clock the scholars and the children will display their proficiency, and in the evening the prizes will be given to the winners. A summer night's festival ends the day and the great festival, which will be watched by thousands of happy German Americans, while Americans will wonder why so much attention is paid to the education of the body. Some day it is to be hoped they will find out.

Charles P. Sawyer.

THE MASONIC HOME AT UTICA, NEW YORK.

For a number of years past the fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons in the State of New York had been in a most embarrassing condition, owing to the fact that the Masonic Hall, located at Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue in the city of New York, was burdened with a bonded debt of $500,000, bearing the large interest of seven per cent. per annum. This perplexing and uncongenial condition prevailed for several years, and had a most disheartening effect upon the craft, for the building was erected with a view of providing an income which should sustain a home for the aged and infirm Masons, their widows and orphans. The Masonic Hall, as it now stands, has cost, including all its appointments complete, nearly two million dollars. The expenses of its maintenance and interest upon its debt nearly absorbed the entire income, and this was the condition in which Frank R. Lawrence, who was elected Grand Master at the annual communication of the Grand Lodge in 1885, found it.

Grand Master Lawrence set about to free the craft from its encumbrance, and called to his aid, besides the present Grand Master, John W. Vrooman, the then grand officers, the masters of lodges, and very many of the brethren of the craft. Nor were the ladies behindhand, for at the fair held at Masonic Hall in November, 1887, the sum of $80,000 was raised by their efforts. The result was that by the time of the annual communication of the Grand Lodge in June, 1889, the whole debt on the Masonic Hall had been paid, a most noble site for the home secured, upon which there was neither debt nor obligation, a balance in bank, and a perpetual provision for its maintenance secured.

This condition of affairs now called for more complete organization and arrangement for the fulfilment of the great project, and pursuant to Chapter 105 of the laws of the State of New York of 1890, and at the annual communication of the Grand Lodge convened during the month of June last, seven gentlemen of the craft well known for their zeal, perseverance, and ability were unanimously elected a Board of Trustees. They were A. T. Goodwin and J. H. Wiley, of Utica; Horace L. Greene, of Fort Plain; John Stewart, George Hayes, and Edward B. Harper, of New York city; and Jerome E. Morse, of Brooklyn. These gentlemen at once organized themselves, and proceeded to their duties, and in accordance with a resolution adopted at the same session of the Grand Lodge appropriating the sum of $175,000, invited several architects to submit designs for the building, for which a fee of $500 to each was paid, excepting the successful architect; to him was awarded the appointment of architect, with the usual fees, etc. After careful consideration the trustees selected the design of Mr. William H. Hume, architect, of New York, as being the most appropriate and suitable, and which, with the plans, etc., is now in the hands of competing contractors for the purpose of preparing bids for the erection of the building.

The building is to be erected on a plateau overlooking the town of Utica, and the plans selected call for a basement and three-story brick and stone building, with a central tower of graceful proportions, finished with a clock story and a steeply pitched roof, and a broken, picturesque sky-line, under which there will be room in part for an extra story. It will have a frontage of 190 feet, from which will extend backward three irregular wings, from 50 feet to 125 feet deep, the general outline of the ground-plan being like a capital F, with the upper part completed so as to make a rectangle enclosing a court 36 feet by 64 feet, the perpendicular line of the letter representing the northern and front side of the building, while the upper horizontal line represents the western side, facing the Rutgers Street approach. The two façades will be about equally imposing. This form is adopted in order that, whenever it may be needed, the building may be enlarged to nearly double its present capacity by changing the F to an E, and enclosing another court, without at all interfering with the architectural design. In its present form it will accommodate 150 people. The whole plan of the rear part of the building is admirably adapted for the addition of pavilions or smaller separate structures.

The style of the architecture is that of the Renaissance, and the material to be used will consist of quarry-faced stone ashlar for the basement, and Philadelphia front brick for the upper stories, with trimmings of brownstone. The wood-work will be of oak, ash, and white pine, while the roof will be covered with red clay tiles. The arrangement of the interior provides light and air for every apartment, as well as a direct opening on hall or corridor. At the back of the centre wing, and connected with it by a short corridor, is a two-story and basement building containing laundry and engine-room in the basement, dining-room on the first story, and dormitories and bath-rooms on the second story. The front of the main building will contain the offices and administration rooms, while the wings will be devoted to the use of inmates. Entrance through the north front is obtained by a porch and spacious vestibule, adjoining which is the main hall and grand staircase; and there are two other entrances, one on each side of the building, so as to afford access to the grounds from either end without using the front. The basement contains two large swimming tanks for children, servants' rooms, play-rooms, etc.; on the first story are arranged about the spacious corridors numerous offices and state-rooms; on the second story are rooms in front for the superintendent, matron, and other members of the resident staff; while at each end of the front are situated the children's dormitories, each of which will comfortably accommodate twenty beds; the third floor is devoted entirely to chambers, toilet-rooms, etc.; and the fourth story, which extends only over the main building, is to be used as an infirmary, subdivided into five rooms, for men, women, boys, girls, and nurses. The whole structure has been specially designed with a view to easy and economical administration and service.

PENNYROYAL.

Amid the web-wrapped meadow-land there passes
A child for some late butterfly achase,
And as she treadeth down the searèd grasses
A shy wild odor rises in their place.

The magic of this odor swift enfolding
A passer-by whose feet have chanced to stay,
Until, the meadow-lands no more beholding,
Back through the vanished years he takes his way,

And stands once more in sweet, forgotten places,
And hears the voices, silent long ago;
While in the low-roofed house he sees dear faces,
As in those other days, flit to and fro.

He hears again the rush of children's laughters
Throughout the cobwebbed garret surge and ring;
He sees again from down far-reaching rafters
Bunches of pennyroyal sway and swing.

A moment only, and the sweet dream passes,
The child and butterfly flit to and fro,
The shy wild odors from down-trodden grasses
Throughout the autumn morning come and go

No more swings pennyroyal from low rafters,
Holding sweet peppermints and sage and thyme,
Yet do the garrets with their herbs and laughters
Linger and haunt us like some sweet old rhyme.

Lucy E. Tilley.

GOLDEN GATE PARK, SAN FRANCISCO.

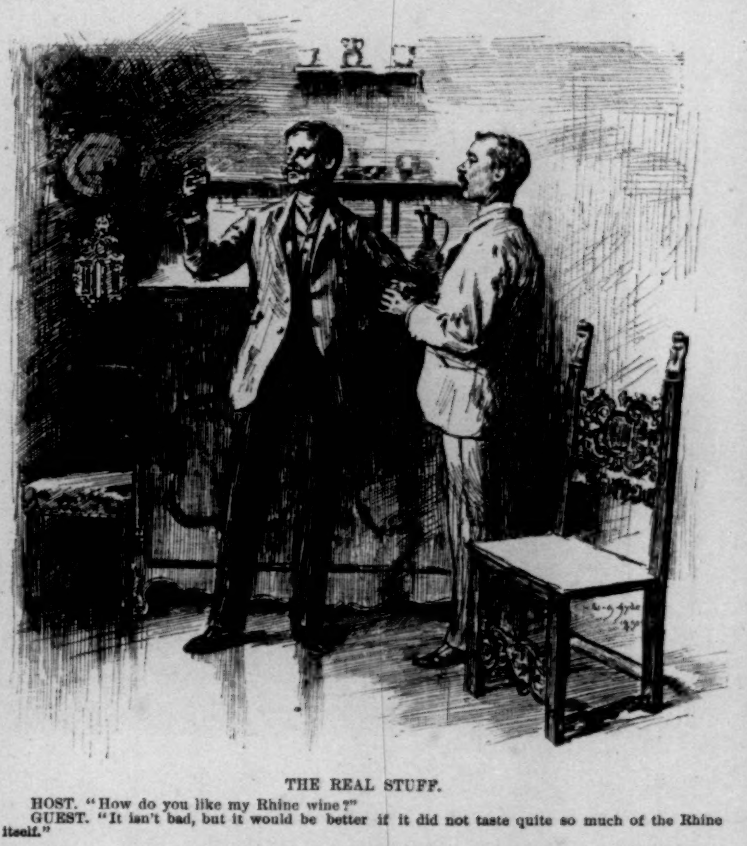
San Francisco has been very backward in preparing parks for her rapidly growing population, and to-day this leaves a want that is beginning to be sharply felt. Her greatest pleasure-ground is the Golden Gate Park. It lies between the ocean and the thick of the city, which is built upon a peninsula, and faces a great harbor that is landlocked except at the famous narrows called the Golden Gate. The city is growing toward the ocean, and already extends beyond the inner end of the great breathing-ground. Already the main thoroughfare of the city, Market Street, is about to be extended to the sea, and the time is not far distant when the houses will hem in this park as they have our own great holiday resort, the Central Park.

In the zeal with which the Golden Gate Park is being transformed from a tract of barren sand dunes into a lovely public garden, the San Franciscans demonstrate their awakening to a sense of duty and pride in this belated service. To-day a large part of the immense park tract is in readiness for all the demands that the people of any modern city make upon such an institution, and that fraction which is completed compares favorably with any public work of the kind upon the continent. In truth, it is an exceptionally beautiful park. It has splendid broad macadam drives, bridle-paths, winding walks, and a plenitude of very artistic landscape-gardening, to which the lay of the ground was rather easily adaptable since it was of a rolling character originally. Among the especially valuable features of the great grounds is the "Children's Quarters," a building donated by the late Senator Sharon, and maintained as a restaurant in which children obtain lunches at very moderate prices. Close by is a tennis and croquet ground for girls, and a ball-ground for boys. There are also goats and donkeys for the little ones to ride or drive, tethered near at hand. There is a very large and well-stored conservatory, a pheasantry, a deer park—one inhabitant of which is a mammoth elk—a lake, a peacock meadow, and a restaurant for adults.

Instead of a mere music stand such as we have in Central Park, there is what is called "the Music Grounds"—an apt name for a very meritorious contrivance. The band stand, wherein an orchestra plays at set periods, faces an open plaza, into or upon which many persons drive in carriages or on horseback, to move about and to come and go during the frequent intermissions. Upon a ridge or terrace on either side of the plaza are seats for the pedestrian part of the audience. Another especial feature is "the Speed Track," for the construction of which some public-spirited citizens donated a fund of $33,000. It is 6000 feet in length, and is accompanied by a foot-path for those who admire the speeding of horseflesh but do not practise it. No limit is put upon the speed of the horses, but racing for money is not permitted.

These are only a few of the attractions of the Golden Gate Park, which contains 1040 acres, and is larger than Central Park, while possessing the same shape as that pleasure-ground. Though it is not all beautified, the drive to the ocean is completed, and affords the people a favorite method of reaching the sea-shore, close to the famous Cliff House and the peculiar seal rocks which the federal government gave to the city a few years ago. The process of preparing the original waste-land to fit it for park purposes is peculiar, and the success that has attended it has been gained in the face of obstacles almost comparable with the difficulties that beset our park builders in the rock-strewn tract that has become New York's chief pleasure-ground. The original sand hills of the Golden Gate Park are composed of a light and drifting material that stubbornly resists manipulation or control. Even when roads were built in the neighborhood of the hills the sand blew upon them and choked them. It was by planting an imported sea-beach grass along with the lupine native to the region that the sand was gradually brought under control and fitted for tree-planting. Happily the last stage has been reached, and the whole park is now clad with trees.

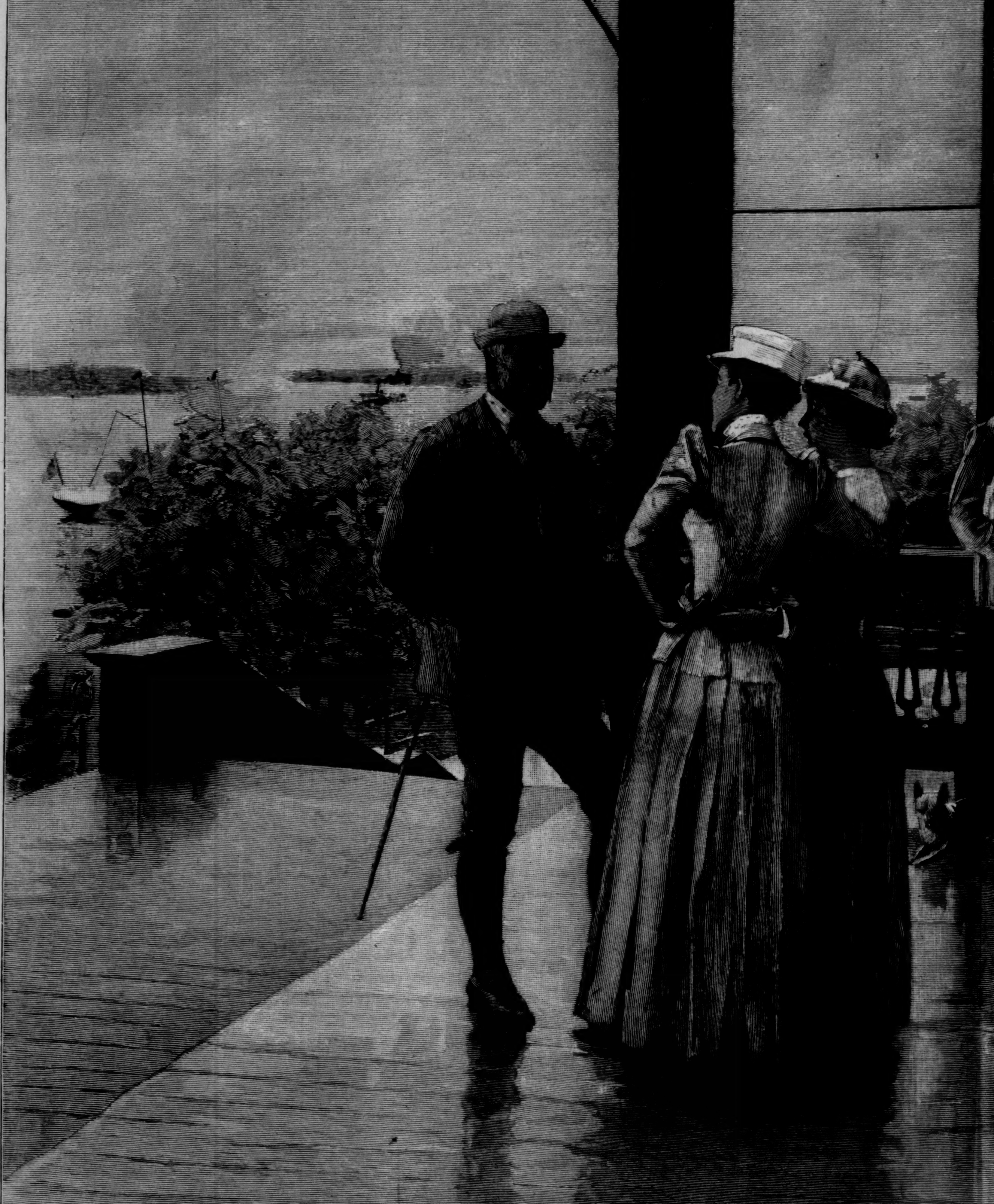
Julian Ralph.



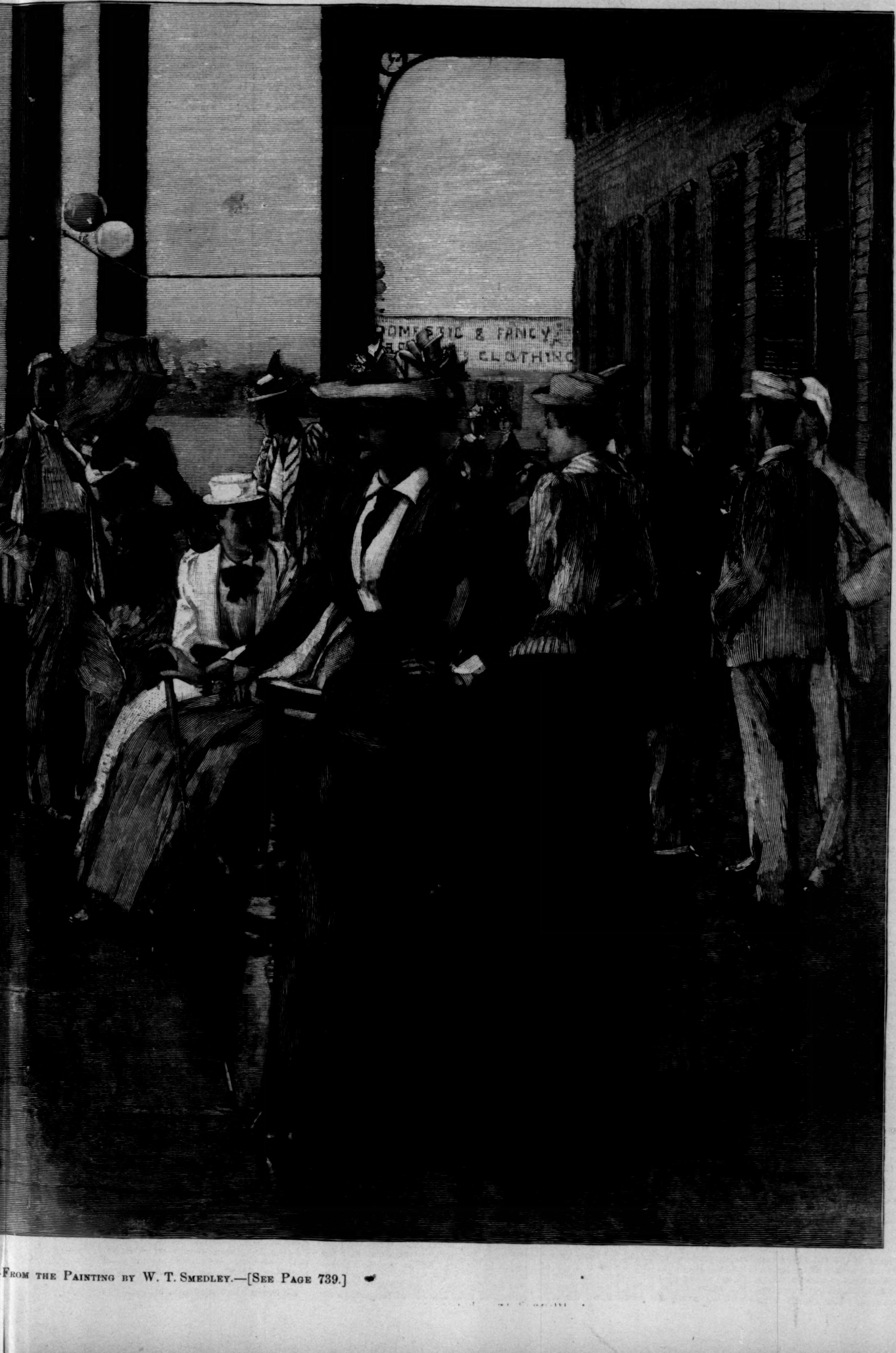
THE REAL STUFF.

HOST. "How do you like my Rhine wine?"

GUEST. "It isn't bad, but it would be better if it did not taste quite so much of the Rhine itself."



AT ALEXANDRIA BAY, THOUSAND ISLANDS.—


DOMESTIC & FANCY
CLOTHING

From the Painting by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 739.]

THE FATE OF OLD BARLOW.

A NEWSPAPER STUDY.

THE younger men on the staff of the *Chronicle* did not think much of old Barlow. He certainly had no very high opinion of himself, or if he had he contrived to keep it a secret. For twenty years Barlow had been a reporter. When a man has been a reporter on a daily newspaper for that length of time, he is a creature without hope. He knows the secrets of his future, for they must be simply echoes of the pathetic utterance of his past. He must go on plodding through a fruitless to-morrow as he did through a barren yesterday. Riches, honor, fame, domestic peace, and comfort are for other men, but not for him. He is the nameless slave of the most heartless master in all this world—the daily press.

Barlow was not an old man except in looks. Time was when he had been a handsome fellow, with a face as happy and a walk as buoyant as those of any fellow-creature. He had been graduated from college with some small distinction, and his fond parents had forthwith consecrated him to the development of genius. It was not Barlow's fault that he did not possess any genius. He would have been glad to own a small portion, but he did not, and he had a strong suspicion that it could not be acquired even to supply an urgent demand on the part of truly good and worthy progenitors. Not that Barlow did not try to acquire it, for having read that genius was nothing more or less than hard work, Barlow girded up his loins, and determined to pull the tooth of fame out of the jaws of the world by a steady drag. Barlow never forgot his first assignment, nor the manner in which he obtained it. An old friend of his father was an editorial writer on a Western paper, whose editor-in-chief was one of the powers in the land. This writer gave the youth a brilliant letter of introduction to the great man who controlled a famous New York daily. This letter set forth the fact that Barlow was a learned young person, who could write beautifully on any topic, and was well qualified to fill an important editorial position. With this in his pocket, Barlow ascended to the tall tower of the newspaper office and sent in his card. Presently a kindly looking man, with bushy black hair and whiskers, appeared, and informed him that the chief was very busy and did not recognize his name.

"Oh, I forgot!" said Barlow; "I have a letter of introduction."

"Let me have it," said the journalist.

He went away, and in a few minutes reappeared. He conducted Barlow into that little chamber which overlooks the green and gray of City Hall Park, and there the youth found himself face to face with the editor.

"Young man," said the editor, "we never take an unknown man on this paper in an editorial position. If you wish to come here, you must begin at the very bottom of the ladder and climb."

Barlow had not expected such frankness, but he managed to reply, "Very well, sir."

"You will not be able to make enough money to pay your room rent at first. How are you going to live?"

Barlow confessed that for the time being his father would see that he did not starve. Privately he had already decided that the editor was "bluffing" him. That personage touched a bell and an office-boy appeared.

"Tell Mr. Banks I wish to see him," was the command.

In a few moments a man with a red nose, eye-glasses, and whiskers appeared.

"Take this gentleman and give him some special assignments till you see what he can do," said the editor, turning to his desk.

Barlow followed the man, who seemed to him to be an executioner leading him to his doom, and was conducted to the quarters of the city department. For two days he sat in corners, a dejected and uncomfortable being, haunted by the fear that his existence had been forgotten. On the third afternoon the city editor suddenly called, "Mr. Barlow!"

The old hands in the office looked around to see who Mr. Barlow was, and as that person shambled toward the city editor's room, he felt that he was being pierced through and through by forty of the keenest eyes on Manhattan Island. He was directed by the city editor to go to a meeting of the National Academy of Sciences and report its proceedings. The subject of discussion for the evening was evolution. He went to dinner a proud and happy man. If there was one thing he knew all about, it was the subject of evolution. At the meeting he took notes enough to make a column and a half. At the office he wrote three-quarters of a column. In the paper the next morning he found a stick and a half. He never forgot the sensations which accompanied that discovery. It was Barlow's first disappointment in life. He had many others afterward, but none so bitter as that. But he became hardened in the course of twenty years' service as a reporter, in the course of which he drifted, as reporters do, from one paper to another, and finally found himself in the office of the *Chronicle*.

He was no longer the spirited, aggressive young man of twenty-five years who had stormed the heights of the tall tower and captured a stick and a half of evolution. His hair had become touched with the pallor of time, and his eyes looked no longer forward but downward. His cheeks were somewhat sallow, and his lips thin and colorless. Stay; they were not precisely colorless, but ashen gray, having something not only of the tint, but of the texture and temperature of oysters on the deep shell. His hands when not engaged in the business of the day lay idly folded in his lap. There was a general aspect of aimlessness about Barlow. He was a man without tendencies. He had no direction of his own, but moved silently in the course selected for him from day to day by his city editor. It was not a comet-like course. Barlow, as you may have inferred, had not distinguished himself in journalism. He never got any of the big things in the world of news. He was still writing sticks and a half. Sometimes he got a story worth a quarter of a column, and on rare occasions even a half. When he achieved the latter amount, he always went away to a secret place in Greenwich Street, and treated himself to a whole apple-pie, which he washed down with milk. That was Barlow's only form of inebriety. Perhaps it did him as much harm as any other might have done. He smoked. Yes, he smoked a malevolent old pipe that abused the confidence of all human beings within its reach. But as Barlow usually haunted solitary corners of the *Chronicle's* editorial rooms, appearing in the large room rarely except when called, he was permitted to commune with his evil spirit of tobacco at will. Poor old Barlow's life drifted along toward the fathomless hereafter in this wise, and might have gone on drifting till it grounded on the bar of death had it not been for the great Ashton divorce case.

It was not the great Ashton divorce case when Barlow was put on it. Of course not; for if it had been great, it would have been given to Arthur Bainbridge, or Tracy Breeze, or Harry Lamb, or some other of the *Chronicle's* brilliant young men. But when the existence of the case was first made known by the court reporter to the city editor, the latter did not see anything in it. Still he thought it worth brief notice, and he ordered Barlow to cover it. The old reporter meekly went forth, and tried to hide himself in the court-room by huddling up as close as possible under the shadow of the bench. A young hand from the *Tribune* told his chief that the *Chronicle* had sent one of its oldest men to do this case. But having heard a description of him, the city editor exclaimed: "Oh, thunder! that's Barlow. There can't be anything at all in the story."

Barlow sat in the court-room idly twiddling his pencil. So far the case had proved unutterably stupid. He hardly raised his head when the clerk called for Grace Ashton, and he heard the wooing rustle of a woman's garments break upon the drowsy hum of the chamber of law. He was conscious of a general stir in the apartment as the plaintiff took her place in the witness box; but he had been in the business long enough to know that a woman always attracted attention in a law case. He heard the usual questions put about name and residence, and still he sat twiddling the pencil.

Then the plaintiff's attorney said, "You are the wife of Parker Ashton, the respondent, are you not?"

"Yes," was the answer, accompanied by a short half-suppressed sigh.

The witness spoke more loudly than she had before, and for the first time Barlow caught the exquisite timbre of her voice. It sounded to him like the middle register of a clarinet in the hands of a consummate artist. He looked up and saw Grace Ashton, and in a moment he decided that she was the most beautiful woman in the world. Barlow had never before had the audacity to come to such a decision about any one of the opposite sex, but now he hesitated not a second.

The old reporter's conclusion was not baseless. Grace Ashton was a beautiful woman. She was young and sad too. Her great brown eyes had an expression of pain, as though she were looking back over a dark past. Her brief married life had been unhappy enough. She had made what appeared to be a brilliant match chiefly to please her parents. Parker Ashton was rich and popular in a rather fast set. Perhaps the girl was a little dazzled by him, but it is safe to say that she never loved him. The springs of passion that moistened those soft liquid eyes had never been touched yet by mortal lip. Somehow poor old Barlow seemed to know that, and it comforted him. It is needless to go into the details of the event which brought about Grace Ashton's suit for divorce. Intemperance and cruelty had visited her little home. She had no great amount of evidence, to be sure, but her counsel relied largely on the effect of her sweet face and guileless manner. The search for proofs was still going on, and the attorney for the plaintiff had strong hope of being able to bring out some convincing facts before closing his case.

Barlow did not take his eyes off Grace Ashton's face while she was telling the sad story of her married life. She told it with all simplicity, with no attempt at effect. There was a certain aspect of hopelessness about her, as if she desired only to be free, and then to go away to some secluded place and wait for the end of her empty existence. Her weariness penetrated poor old Barlow's heart. He felt a great vague pain and a strong yearning, such as he had never known before. He did not know what to make of it, and as the plaintiff paused a moment in her narrative, he pulled himself together with an effort, and jotted down the substance of her tale. When she began to speak again, his eyes returned to her face, and remained fixed there till she concluded. As she arose to leave the box, she turned pale, and stood swaying. Barlow sprang to his feet, and was by her side in an instant. She did not fall, but seemed to bend gently backward, like a willow in a wind, and Barlow, agitated in an incomprehensible manner, found her resting senseless in his arms. There was confusion in the court for a time.

"She has fainted," exclaimed the judge. "Officer, bring a glass of water, quickly!"

Her counsel sprang forward, and would have taken her from Barlow's arm; but the old reporter gently waved him aside, and held his fair burden firmly. When the court officer came with the water, Barlow tenderly placed the unconscious girl—she was only a girl—in the witness chair, and gently bathed her brow with the cooling liquid. In a few seconds she slowly opened the big brown eyes, and saw Barlow's countenance bent over her own.

"Oh," she said, "I must have fainted. How foolish of me! Thank you very much for your goodness."

With a little help from the old reporter, she arose and descended from the stand, and the judge promptly adjourned court till afternoon.

The counsel for the plaintiff said, "Mrs. Ashton, let me introduce Mr. Barlow, of the *Chronicle*."

Barlow acknowledged the introduction awkwardly. Poor old fellow! he was sadly shaken.

"Mr. Barlow," said Mrs. Ashton—how it jarred upon him to hear her called Mrs. Ashton—"let me thank you again."

Barlow stammered out a few words to the effect that he hoped she would not mention it.

"But you are a reporter," she continued, "and I suppose you'll wish to interview me."

Barlow turned red, and bit his lip. She saw it, and hastily added,

"Forgive me; I did not mean to offend you."

"There is nothing to forgive," he said, in a low voice. "Your supposition was quite natural. No one believes that a reporter can be a man."

He turned away as if to go, but she stopped him.

"Don't go," she said. "I certainly believe that a reporter can be a man and a good one. You were gentleness itself just now, and I have repaid you by hurting your feelings. I am very stupid."

"Please say no more about it," said Barlow.

"I did hope that this thing could be kept out of the papers," she said, wistfully, after a minute's silence.

"I am afraid," said Barlow, "that cannot be; but there will be very little printed about it."

"How is that?" she asked.

"Well, you see," he answered, with some hesitation, "there is not much in it from a newspaper point of view."

"Not much in it?" she repeated, with pathetic emphasis. "My whole life is in it."

"Yes," he said, "I understand that; but these things happen every day, and are such common stories that unless there is some unusual feature in the case the papers dismiss them briefly. But I did not mean to say anything painful to you. Are you not going to eat any luncheon?"

"Oh no," she said, patiently. "I do not have much appetite now. I used to have, but it seems to be gone."

"But you will be weak and faint," persisted old Barlow, in a soothing tone. "Let me see what I can do for you."

"Please don't put yourself to any— Well, he's gone!" said Grace, folding her hands and looking out of the dingy window at a wandering shred of white that was moving slowly across the blue sky. She had a curious sympathetic yearning toward that cloud because it was free. Old Barlow returned in about ten minutes with a small bowl of steaming bouillon and some delicate slices of toast. Where he had procured them was a mystery, but his acquaintance with restaurants in all parts of New York was very intimate.

"Now," he said, "I wish you would take some of this. It will really do you good."

"You are very kind," she answered; "you are heaping coals of fire on my head for my rude remark."

"Please don't," interrupted old Barlow. "I am very glad to be of such slight service."

The afternoon session of the court was long and tiresome. It was taken up chiefly with an argument between counsel as to the admission of certain evidence. The judge yawned perceptibly at times, and glanced wearily at the clock. The clerk slept soundly, with a legal document held before his face, a trick which years of experience had enabled him to perfect. The associated press reporter stole out of the chamber, and went up to the press-room, where he engaged in a game of penny ante with certain kindred spirits. Barlow sat and gazed at Grace Ashton. She seemed to have forgotten him, but he was accustomed to being forgotten. He watched a pale yellow patch of light which the sun threw upon her creep upward as the luminary sank in the west. First the light fell upon her ungloved hands as they lay folded in her lap. Barlow saw their shapeliness, the white skin, and the fine blue veins. But he was more impressed with the eloquence of their attitude of resignation, intensified as it was by that one circlet of plain gold—the badge of her unhappiness. The light crept upward, and glinted against the buckle of the belt that clasped her slender waist. Barlow scribbled nervously with his pencil, looked away a moment, and breathed fast as he asked himself how a man could be cruel to such a delicately fashioned creature. The light still crept upward. It fell upon her smooth white throat, on her dimpled chin, on her sensitive lips, on her small straight nose. Then it rested on her deep brown eyes, into which it seemed to penetrate with a strange power to light their meanings. Barlow thought he read sorrow, patience, hopelessness, and a strange yearning. He bit the point off his pencil, turned uncomfortably in his chair, and when he looked again the sunbeam had passed over her shadowy hair and gone. He was roused from his dreaming by the closing of the session. He hurried toward Mrs. Ashton, and then hesitated. He was afraid of pressing himself upon her notice. She turned and spoke kindly to him.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Barlow. Thank you again for your goodness. Shall we see you here to-morrow?"

"Oh yes; that is, I sincerely hope so," answered Barlow, remembering that he was a city editor's puppet.

She smiled sweetly with her patient lips and eyes, and was gone. But Barlow feasted his soul on her words and looks, most of all on that parting smile, till the next day. He went to his humble dinner at a mean little restaurant with a mind illumined by that smile. It transformed the watery soup into the richest mock-turtle, the flavorless codfish into brook trout, the flabby mutton and humid potatoes into woodcock and Saratoga chips. Barlow feasted like a king, and rose from the table at peace with all the world except Parker Ashton. He had no night assignment, so he rode up to Bleecker Street, and went to his cheerless hall bedroom, where he took off his coat and shoes, and put on his old moth-eaten carpet slippers. He drew from a bureau drawer a pipe, the companion in evil of his office pipe, filled it with a villanous dust, struck a match, and blew slow, lazy clouds of suffocation into the unresisting air. He leaned back in his rectangular chair, and rested his feet on the window-sill. Peering between the toes of his slippers his gaze encountered many roofs of low degree, eaten by the tooth of time, and cheaply patched by the weak hand of poverty. In one place there was an attic window which bloomed with flowers. He dimly remembered the surprise with which he had discovered that they were the especial care of a blind boy who could only feel and smell them. He remembered the three dollars he had earned by writing up the boy's story. He thought of Grace Ashton, and it seemed to him to have been wrong to write about that blind boy.

The strident chatter of female voices ascended from the back yards, mingled with the rattle of dishes and the muffled rasp of washboards. But old Barlow heeded not these sounds. Far away over the cheaply patched roofs, out in the limitless blue ether, two soft white stars were glistening. Old Barlow was blowing mazy clouds of smoke between them and himself, and as they glistened through it, they were transformed into two big brown eyes, humid with restrained tears. Poor old Barlow was far and away over head and ears, hopelessly, helplessly in love. He knew it. He was no boy, to be deceived about his feelings. He was not much of a reporter, but he was something of a man, and he knew what was the matter with him.

Old Barlow sprang out of bed the next morning. He had not done such a thing in years. He had fallen into a habit of crawling out slowly and reluctantly, for each new day was unwelcome to him. But on this particular morning he was conscious of a strange, unfamiliar eagerness. For a moment he failed to understand it; then he remembered the scenes of the previous day, and began to dress with somewhat nervous haste. He was nervous. Barlow had not been nervous since his first year in the calling of a reporter. Half a dozen suicides, a dozen tenement-house fires, a panic in a church, which the papers dismissed briefly because it did not take place in a theatre, two or three murders, and a score of steam-heating pipe explosions had performed for Barlow's entire system the operation which dentists perform for teeth—that of killing the nerve. Barlow's nerves were all dead. If a house had fallen on him it might have killed him, but it would not have startled him. But to-day his nerves were resuscitated. Barlow enjoyed the experience. The strange thrills that shot through his heart gave him exquisite pleasure. He held out his hand, and watched it tremble.

"By George!" he exclaimed; "nervous! Ha! ha! ha! nerves in old Barlow! Next thing you know you'll develop a heart, you old fool!"

Then he danced lightly on the outraged toes of his old carpet slippers, which had all they could do to hold together under the pressure of his ordinary walk. He sang softly, with a sound like that of a bone-crushing machine. He threw cold water all around the room in the unusual orgies which accompanied his bath. He was in a state of mind as well as of heart, was old Barlow, and he enjoyed himself.

He reached the court-room before it was

open. Then for the first time he realized that he must put a curb upon his unwonted impetuosity. For an old and experienced reporter to arrive at a court-room ahead of time was too violent a breach of professional tradition. He went out into the corridors, and loitered in secluded corners till he thought he could enter the court with propriety. His entrance was well timed. He reached his seat just as the clerk opened the proceedings. He saw her. She was sitting in the same chair, with her hands folded in the same patient way. She raised her eyes as he entered, and gave him a little sweet smile. He blushed, bowed, looked confused, and began to take notes of the counsel's opening remarks.

"Ah, there, Barlow!" whispered Eakins, the A. P. reporter, leaning across the table; "got a mash on her royal jaglets?"

"Shut up!" replied Barlow, savagely.

Eakins was too astonished to reply. No one had ever before heard Barlow speak aggressively. But if Eakins cherished any revengeful hopes, they must have been gratified by that morning's proceedings. The case had been on for half an hour, and the counsel for the fair plaintiff was speaking. Barlow was paying little attention to him, being more happily engaged in studying the contour of the plaintiff's chin, when suddenly he became aware of a buzz of interest in the court-room, and he caught the sound of the name of an actress famous among those who look upon comic opera (so called) as a form of art. He listened to the speaker, and the color died out of his lips and cheeks. The new look of eagerness, of hopefulness, melted away out of the old reporter's eyes, and in its place there came a look of anguish and humility. Cold perspiration broke out on his brow, his lips turned white and trembled, his hands relaxed, and his pencil fell to the floor with a faintly resonant click.

The counsel for the plaintiff was appealing to the court for permission to introduce certain new evidence just obtained, in which Parker Ashton's name was joined with that of the actress. To the patient little plaintiff this meant nothing but the clinching of a case that seemed pretty safe already. To old Barlow it was agony; for it meant that a sensational element had been introduced into the trial, that this was now about to become the great Ashton divorce case, that it was growing far beyond the limits of poor old Barlow's usefulness, and that another man would be assigned by the city editor to report it. But there was no help for him. When the noon recess came, he went sadly and slowly to the office, and made known the new condition of affairs to his chief.

"Ah!" exclaimed that gentleman, rubbing his hands; "now we shall have something spicy. Say, Barlow, can't you get us Mrs. Ashton's picture?"

Barlow gulped down a big lump which rose in his throat, gripped his hands together convulsively once or twice, and bit his lip, before he answered, "I don't think so, sir."

"Why not?"

"I don't think she's that kind of a—"

"Oh, rats!" exclaimed the city editor, irreverently. "They are all that kind after they get into the divorce courts. Mr. Bainbridge!"

"Yes, sir," answered the most brilliant young man of the staff.

"This Ashton divorce case is going to develop into a big thing. We'll be able to give it a column and a half to-morrow if anything lively comes out, and I want you to cover it."

Poor old Barlow turned away with despair in his heart.

"Barlow!" called his chief.

"Yes, sir," he answered, meekly.

"You go over to the court with Mr. Bainbridge."

"Yes, sir," replied Barlow, his heart almost stopping with the sudden reflux of joy.

"I want you to help him when he needs it. Make him acquainted with the details of the case and with the parties interested, and don't forget to get that picture."

The old reporter's heart sank again. How could he bring the blush of shame to that lovely cheek by being the instrument through which her picture was made public? He determined then and there that her sweet countenance should never be subjected to the distortion of the *Chronicle's* wood-carvers. He went with mingled feelings of reluctance and anxiety to the court-room in the afternoon. He and Bainbridge had already seated themselves at the reporters' table when the plaintiff entered, accompanied by her counsel.

"That," said Barlow, vainly striving to repress the tremor in his voice, "is Mrs. Ashton."

Bainbridge, a handsome, frank-eyed young man of twenty-six, turned to look carelessly, and found his eyes held with a strange fascination. He laid down the pencil which he had been sharpening, rested his chin on his hands, and gazed intently at her for several moments.

"She'll win in a canter," he murmured; "and, by Jove! she ought to."

Old Barlow caught the words, and for some reason they seemed like pieces of ice laid upon his heart. Bainbridge went on gazing at Grace. Suddenly he turned his head.

"Barlow," he said, earnestly, "don't you get that girl's picture for old Sledgehammer. I'll see you through."

"I never had any intention of getting it," said Barlow, "and I couldn't get it if I had."

"That's quite true," said Bainbridge, again gazing at Grace with softened eyes.

Poor old Barlow had a miserable afternoon of it. At the close of the session he introduced Bainbridge to Mrs. Ashton, and had to endure the agony of seeing that brilliant young man enter into an animated conversation of half an hour's length with her. He even made her laugh, and that seemed altogether wicked to the old reporter. Such a woman should smile, but never laugh. But worse than that, Bainbridge accompanied her to the elevated railway station, pressing upon her the many delicate and effective attentions of which he was master, while poor old Barlow loitered in the City Hall Park on his way to the office, watching them with very green eyes.

Bainbridge's story in the *Chronicle* the next morning was one of the most brilliant of that brilliant young man's efforts. It reviewed the history of the case, and with deft insinuation exposed Parker Ashton as a wretch, and exhibited his wife as a suffering angel. It was a masterly piece of newspaper writing, achieving its effect by an innocent simplicity of style, an air of unprejudiced candor, coupled with a subtle ingenuity in the marshalling of the facts. Mrs. Ashton's counsel told her after the trial that he believed that story of Bainbridge's had been quite as effective with the Court as his argument. In the hour of triumph the counsel could afford to be generous.

Three days passed, and the great Ashton divorce case became the talk of the town. Mrs. Ashton wore a heavy veil in the court-room now, because the chamber was crowded with vulgar curiosity seekers. She had to travel up and down town in a cab, because she was subjected to too much annoyance in the elevated cars. Poor old Barlow sat twiddling his pencil at the reporters' table. Bainbridge sat beside Mrs. Ashton. In the three days he had done wonders. He had employed his skill as a newspaper detective to unearth evidence which made it all but certain that she would win as she pleased. She looked upon him as her best friend. He it was who escorted her from the court-room to her cab. He it was who had secured the cab. It was always he now. Poor old Barlow seldom obtained an opportunity to speak to Grace. He could only follow her about in dumb anguish outside the court-room, while inside it he sat and gazed at her in silent misery and twiddled the pencil.

Another day passed. The great Ashton divorce case was won. The beautiful plaintiff was a free woman; but she no longer looked as if she would like to go away to some secret place with her sorrow. There seemed to be a new light in her eyes. She said good-by to Barlow in a happy tone, and passed out of his sight. She did not suspect him. Bainbridge did not suspect him. He went back to the office, and was sent out to do a stick and a half obituary. He smiled grimly. He was in an obituary mood. Poor old Barlow!

A month passed. Barlow trod his weary tread-mill of sticks and a half daily. He was more aimless than ever. He had seen Grace Ashton only once since the great divorce case. He was hurrying down Broadway from a fire, and he saw her entering a theatre with Bainbridge.

A week later Bainbridge came to him in the office, and said, "Barlow, I owe you a great debt of gratitude."

"How's that?" asked the old reporter.

"You introduced me to her, and she's going to be my wife."

Barlow gulped down the lump in his throat, and dropped the pencil which he was twiddling. "I congratulate you, Arthur," he said, faintly.

And even then Bainbridge did not suspect him. He went to the wedding. His hair seemed to have grown grayer in the preceding weeks, and his lips looked more than ever like those of one stricken by ague. He saw her radiant with the new happiness which she had dreamed could never be hers. He closed the carriage door after her.

She leaned forward and gave him her gloved hand. "Good-by, Mr. Barlow," she said. "Thank you again and again for all your kindness."

"Don't mention it," he said, in a hoarse whisper. Then he pulled himself together, and added, in a brave tone: "Mrs. Bainbridge, you are married to one of the best fellows in the world, and you are going to be happy. God bless you! Good-by!"

He pulled his hat over his eyes, shoved his hands deep into his pockets, and turned away. The coachman gathered up his lines, the horses started, and Grace Ashton Bainbridge passed out of poor old Barlow's life.

"It's all right," he said as he gazed after the carriage; "of course it's all right. I couldn't have supported her; he can. What business has a man to fall in love who can't get more than a third of a column into the paper at a time?"

He turned and staggered a little. Policeman No. 942, who had been on duty in front of the church, tapped him on the shoulder.

"You'd better go home, Barlow," he said, "and get straightened out. This wedding spree's been a little too much for you."

Barlow stared at him stupidly a moment. "Yes, yes," he said, finally; "you're right, O'Connor. I think this wedding spree has been too much for me. I'll go home and get straightened out."

He moved slowly away, and policeman No. 942 stood looking after him. "By jimminy!" he muttered, "I thought it was whiskey, but I guess it's opium. That 'll settle him."

Barlow walked slowly and feebly, like an old man. He boarded a horse-car, and went away to his own room. He took off his coat, and put on his old moth-eaten slippers. He filled his evil pipe with his vile tobacco. He went to his bureau, and took from the drawer a small slim bottle. He held it up to the light, examined it, and smiled. "That's the stuff," he murmured, "to straighten me out after this wedding spree."

He laid the bottle on the window-sill beside the head of his bed, where he could easily reach it when he lay down. Then he struck a match, lighted his pipe, seated himself at the window, put his feet on the sill, and blew clouds of suffocation into the helpless air. Passing between his feet his gaze fell on the same roofs of low degree, patched and moss-grown. The strident clatter of women's tongues and the muffled rasp of washboards ascended from the back yards; but old Barlow heeded not the sounds. He sat and smoked, ever and anon slowly shaking his head, as one who gave serious denial to some serious proposition. The fire in the pipe burned down to the bottom of the bowl, and died out with a hollow rattle. Barlow meditatively knocked the ashes out, and made a movement as if to lay the pipe on the window-sill. But he shook his head seriously, and put his old companion in the breast pocket of his waistcoat. Then he stood up and looked slowly around the room.

"I guess," he murmured, "that I may as well get straightened out now."

Then he lay down on the bed, and reached for the small slim bottle.

Thirty-six hours later, when it occurred to some one at the *Chronicle* office to wonder where he was, they went up and found him there. They gave him a stick and a half of obituary the next day.

W. J. Henderson.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

The immense volume of water from the chain of Great Lakes pours itself in its passage to the sea through the St. Lawrence, and sown broadcast right at the beginning of the majestic river's course are these myriad isles, exquisite little gems of earth with the brightly flowing water for their setting. There may be a thousand, there may be two thousand, one does not care. He is certain that there is not one too many, and feels that the wretched being who assures you with mathematical severity that there are precisely eighteen hundred, has forced on you the one bit of prose which can be found attaching itself to this fairy-land.

The tiny isles have a mature dignity about them with their woods. Large graceful pines rear themselves into stately *silhouettes* against the azure clearness of the sky, and rocks, warm-tinted, with shadows marking the indentations of tiny coves, lend a coquettish severity to the circle of verdure rising so softly from the gleaming water. One feels that it is part of their charm that they are small. It is not vexatious, but cheery, when some large rock is gravely accepted by the spectator, before he is aware of it, as an island, here in this cosmos of little isles. Wellesley Island, the largest of them all, with its eight miles of length and its four miles of width, seems almost oppressively big, quite continental by contrast, and you feel, under the subjugating grace of the dainty islands about it, that it is too too vast.

The charming villas which crop out from the rich verdure of the islands in tranquil isolation heighten the feeling of contented brightness which the Thousand Islands beget. There is scarcely one of them which is not now possessed by some private individual, who has built himself a fitting nest upon his exquisite island home. In most instances the architecture of the cottages does not jar upon the simplicity of the spot. They are dignified, and in some instances almost imposing, as when on some ambitious isle which soars to the giddy height of fifty or sixty feet some castellated building rears its turrets and towers of stone. Several prominent New-Yorkers own islands at Alexandria Bay and other beautiful spots in the Thousand Islands. A stone's-throw from the hotel veranda from which our artist has made his sketch is the charming "Bonnie Castle," the home of the late J. G. Holland, and in its immediate neighborhood are cottages belonging to his associates in literary work. Judge Charles Donohoe has a handsome villa, and George Pullman owns a beautiful island, where he entertained General Grant some years ago.

The key-note of the beauty of the Thousand Islands is delicious tranquillity. In this magic circle of these sporades of the North earth, air, and water fuse to create a dream-laden balm for the soul. It is not a lotos-eater's land, where it is ever afternoon, for there is the pearly radiance of the dawn and the tender, melancholy touch of the evening in their own hour. But in the sparkling morn, the languorous noon, or dewy eventide there is this sense of peace—always and throughout all, peace. The scene constantly varies to the voyager as he is borne over the fair river's breast from Cape Saint Vincent to Clayton, from Clayton to Alexandria Bay. Yet in this interesting variety you find the beautiful little islands about you ever, so small that the vision can easily grasp one in its entirety, with the water stealing between them like bands of silver.

But the soft idyllic grace of beauty is not all the dweller in the Thousand Isles may find. Down in the crystal depths of the broad river, which flows so caressingly about the islands which rise from it in such artless loveliness, are fish dear to the piscatorial heart. Fine bass and pickerel dart about ready to rush upon the alluring bait which the fisherman casts upon the waters. Lying at the point of some island one may frequently see the polished blackness of a rakish yacht. With its tapering lines, and glittering brasses, and deck with rugs and reclining-chairs, it seems the fittest of craft in which to be borne in easy indolence adown the island-fretted stream. It is an ecstasy of peace. The lambent play of the setting sun upon the placid reaches of water makes them flush with a rosy brightness, while the woods mirror themselves in an emerald gloom, and shadows sleep in dusky olive in the quiet depths. Then, as you are borne on, water vistas open out before you, which die away into a mist of bluish-gray. What wonder that religion should have sought a resting-place for itself on ground hallowed by nature to so serene a beauty that it seems sacred to the soul? The Presbyterians and the Methodists have taken picturesque sites for ecclesiastical buildings. One of these large buildings has lapsed from its original purpose of a seminary into the more secular one of a hotel, and the gay laugh and quickly moving feet of youth are there in place of the grave talk of theologians.

John J. A'Becket.

SALMON-FISHING ON THE FRAZER RIVER.

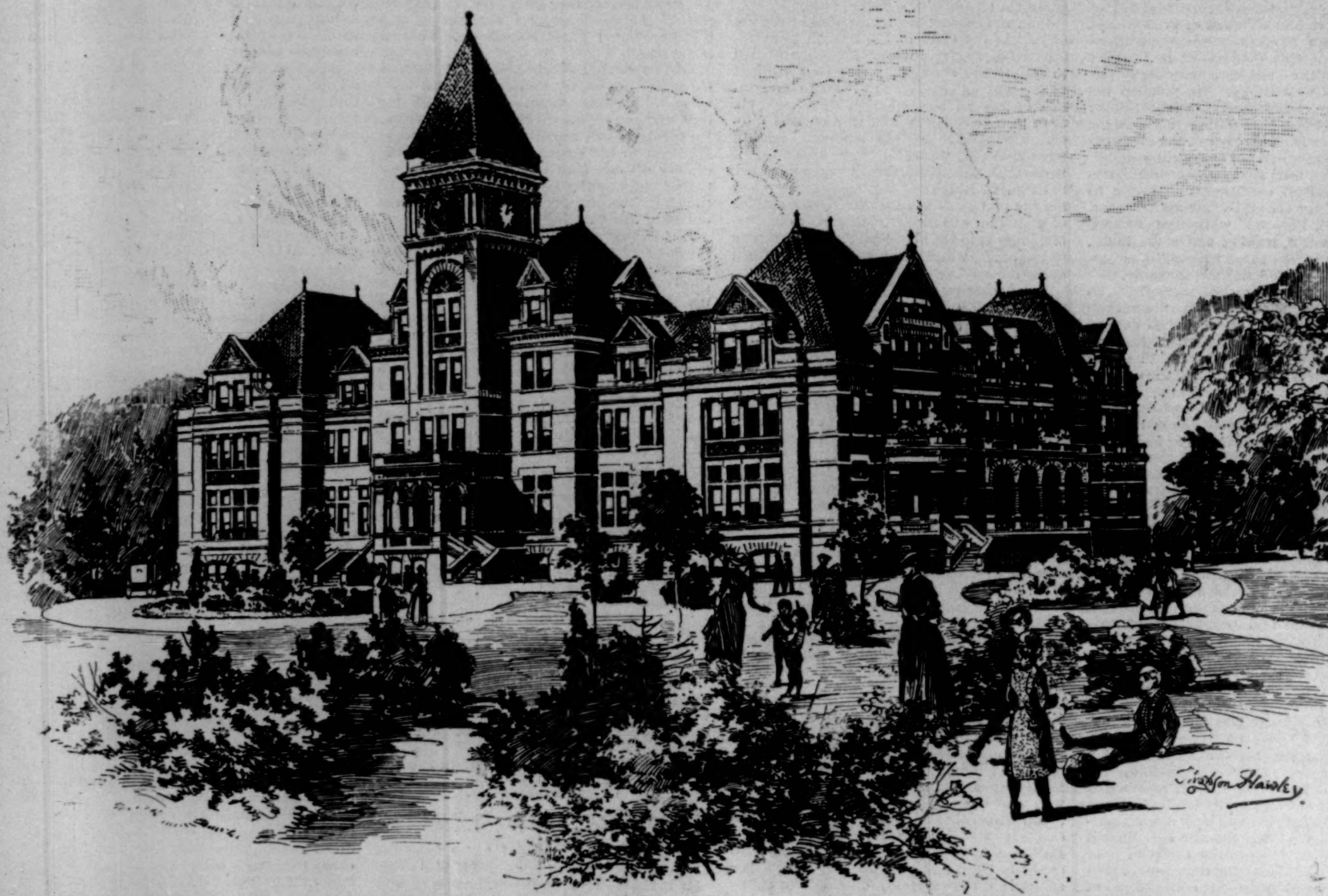
Ichthyologists make a distinction between the two cousins of the numerous salmon family, and so we have the Atlantic and the Pacific fish. The salmon of the western waters of the United States, of British America, of Japan and the northern Asiatic coasts, differ but slightly. The Russians who first came to Alaska called one kind of salmon taken there "gorbuscha," from *gorb*, meaning a hump. There are few fish that ever retain exactly the same aliases, and this "gorbuscha" salmon was called by Americans and English the "dog salmon." On the Frazer, the Indian name "holia" was perverted into "hone salmon," and on Puget Sound the same fish is known as the "haddow." The true "holia" is by no means a big fish, weighing rarely over ten pounds, the average being five pounds. The flesh of this fish does not take the peculiar rich pink of the Columbia River salmon, but is pale. But there is a finer salmon than the "holia" in the Frazer. This is the "suk-kegh," which has been Englished into "suck-eye." It is larger than the humpback, and will average nine pounds. This salmon runs up the Columbia, and is found in abundance in the Frazer in the spring. As soon as midsummer comes the salmon runs cease.

The life history of all the *Salmonidæ* is the same. Where the parents deposited the spawn, and where the little fish broke the egg and first swam to these rivers, the adult fish return. After a certain interval of time, say something over two years, the small salmon, known as smolt, go down the streams to the sea. It is supposed that in the sea salmon remain about the same period (two years), then they return to their exact places of birth and reproduce their kind. It would be in vain to speculate on what is this instinct which makes these anadromous fish return. Up the stream the salmon come in countless numbers, indifferent to the dangers which threaten them. It is one of nature's great rhythmic movements, and man in fish-culture takes advantage of nature's laws, for having hatched fish by artificial means at the head of some river, and having placed the young fish there, he is quite certain that at their period of maturity the adult fish will return to him.

The character of the fishing as shown in the illustration explains how abundant must be the salmon in the Frazer River. The natives and half-breeds use a scoop-net. As the salmon mount the rapids, the fishermen by a quick and dexterous movement scoop in the fishes. A good deal of skill is required when the fish are few and far between, as at the beginning of the run, but at the height of the season, in certain bends of the Frazer, to take salmon in quantity only calls upon an Indian to have strength and patience. The economic value of the fish can hardly be estimated, for without dried salmon in winter the Indians would starve.

The preparation of the salmon is very crude. They are split, hung on string-pieces, and left to dry. Such dried fish is hardly acceptable to the white man, but an Indian will eat his tainted salmon with gusto.

The importance of the salmon fisheries of the Frazer River lies in the future. As the demands of the world are on the increase for salmon as a canned product, there can be no question but that our resources in Oregon will be in time sensibly diminished. We shall then have to call on the salmon found in the streams and rivers further north of us.



THE MASONIC HOME AND SCHOOL TO BE ERECTED AT UTICA, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 735.]

THE CRUISER "PHILADELPHIA'S" CLOCK.

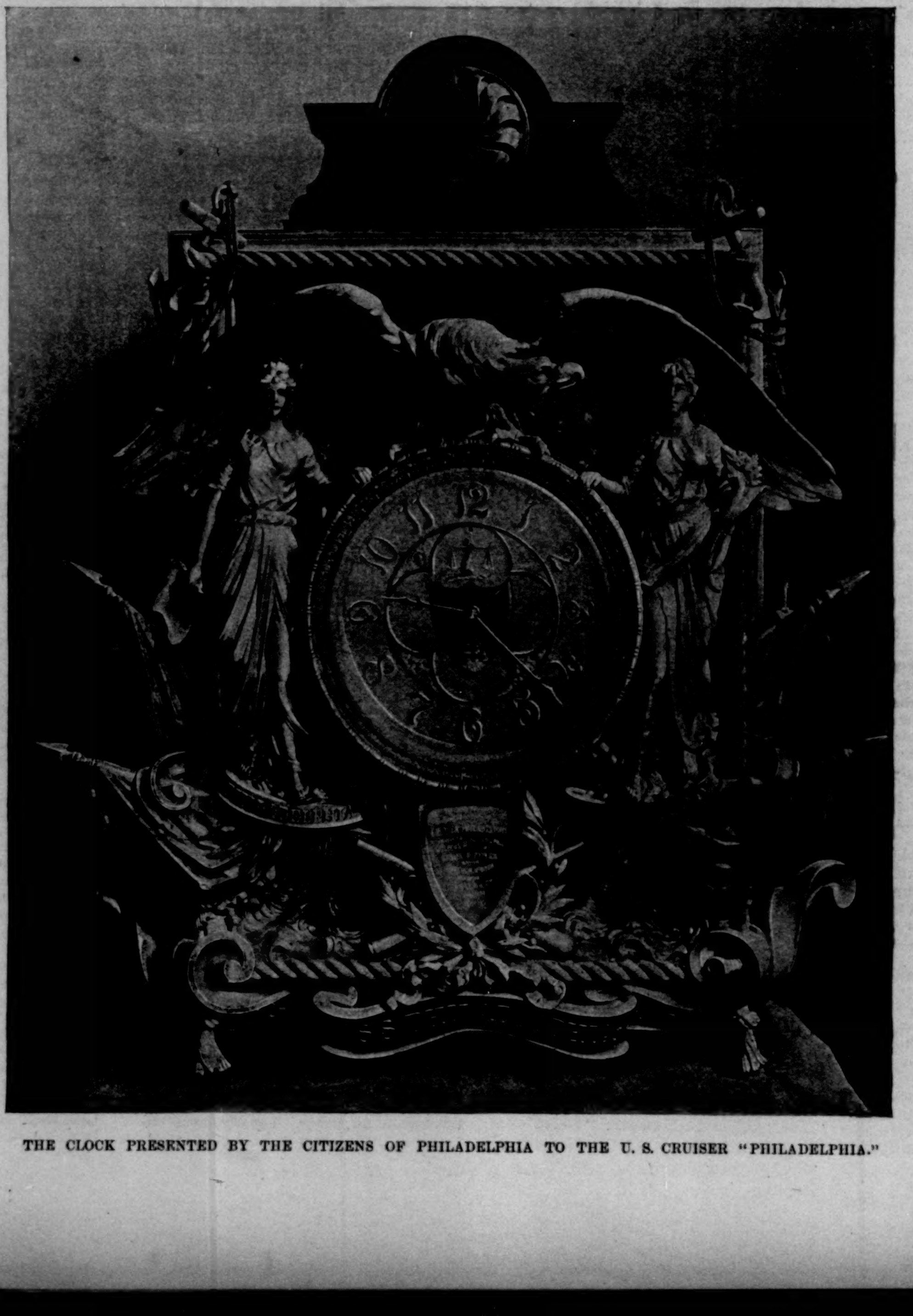
THE new cruiser *Philadelphia* has a very handsome clock which was presented to it by the citizens of the city from which the fine boat takes her name. The elegant craft was still on the stocks in the Cramps' yard when the question of bestowing a christening gift upon her was suggested. Mayor Fitler called a meeting in his office of some of the solid men of the City of Brotherly Love, and a committee was appointed to deal with the matter. Of this the Mayor was chairman; Robert M. McWade secretary, and Drexel & Co. treasurers. At the same meeting a subcommittee was appointed, with Robert M. McWade chairman, and to it was referred the matter of considering what form the city's gift to the cruiser should take. There was considerable variety in the things proposed, and a divergence which extended from a service of plate to an anchor. One suggestion met with much favor. It was that of giving a well-stocked library. Mr. Abel, of Baltimore, had presented one to the sister cruiser of the *Philadelphia*, the *Baltimore*. But it was discovered that there was no room on the boat for such a purpose.

It was finally decided to give a splendid clock, and this idea has been carried out. The commission was given to Messrs. Bailey, Banks, & Biddle to construct a timepiece worthy of its destination and of the municipal donors. They have executed this order in the most satisfactory manner. Four hundred pounds of clock, three feet in height and about the same in breadth, which cost the good men of Philadelphia town $4000, tell of that city's grateful appreciation of the honor conferred upon her. The design and workmanship have been entirely Philadelphian. It is composed of gold, silver, and bronze. The design embraces the coat of arms of Philadelphia, and the motto "Philadelphia Maneto" inscribed on a scroll placed below the dial. The face of the clock is of silver, the artistically formed numerals being in gold. In the centre of the dial are the city arms, wrought in relief, and enclosed within a scroll of elegant workmanship. Above the dial is a magnificent eagle, and on each side of it is a graceful female figure in flowing draperies. One of these figures has a scroll in her hand, while the other bears a cornucopia. The eagle and the women were copied from models. They are in gilt bronze, which offers a rich and pleasing contrast to the darker bronze employed in the rest of the work.

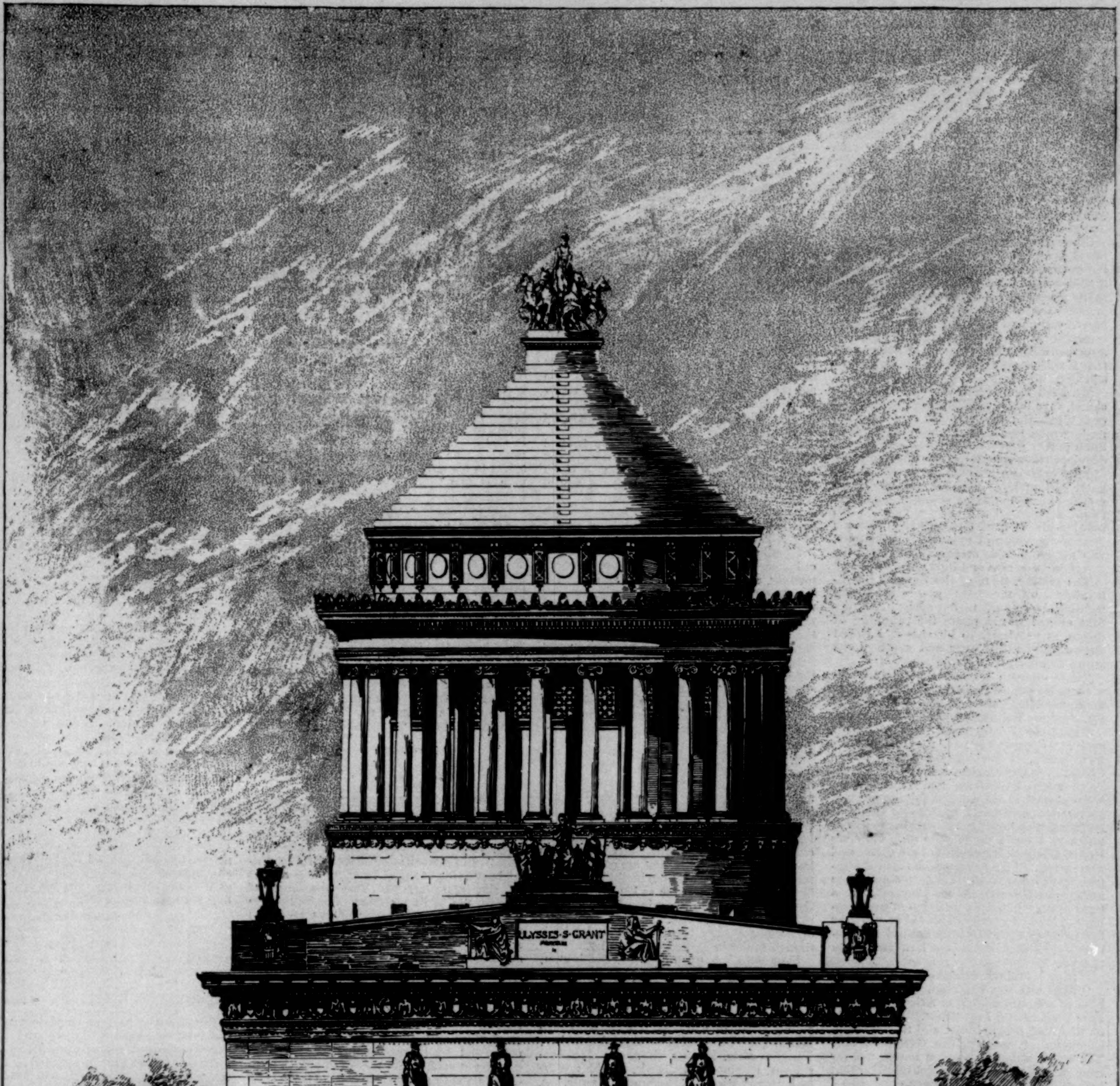
Below the clock is a shield bearing an inscription which sets forth the city of Philadelphia as the donor of the handsome gift. Two American flags project on either side, and a cable forms a square around the clock. Fouled anchors are held in loops of this cable at the upper corners, while a flowing sea is below the feet of the women. The works of the clock are fully worthy of the handsome casing which art has devised for them. The movement is a nautical one. It is constructed with a balance-wheel on the principle of a watch, so that tossing and pitching will not affect the movement. The escapement is a demi-chronometer, highly finished, and jewelled in all its principal parts. The movement is also adjusted to heat and cold and position.

One of the most distinctive features of the clock is that it does not strike the hours after the fashion of a land-lubber of a clock. When it is twelve o'clock, "eight bells" are chimed out, and so with all the hours. They are given in bells. The hour-hand is free of the minute-hand in regulating the clock, so that it can be turned an hour forward or backward without disturbing its companion hand. For seven months workmen were engaged in constructing this beautiful clock, and the result is something which Philadelphians may regard with complacency.

JOHN J. A'BECKET.



THE CLOCK PRESENTED BY THE CITIZENS OF PHILADELPHIA TO THE U. S. CRUISER "PHILADELPHIA."


ULYSSES·S·GRANT
Hughson Hawley

THE ACCEPTED DESIGN FOR THE GRANT MONUMENT—MAIN FRONT.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 743.]

A "BUSTED" BRAKE.

I NEVER took the trouble to remember who it was who painted a fairly fascinating picture of Spanish travel, wherein, however, to me the mule was the chief object of interest. On the very knife edge of a precipice, the sloping track a scratch on the mansard-roof side of a mountain, a mule as nonchalant in mien as if in an Andalusian meadow was ambling along. On the mule's back was a Spanish gent, a cigarette between his lips, a guitar in his hands, and his gaitered legs dangling over the abyss. The happy-go-lucky cavalier or muleteer, intent only on thrumming his guitar-strings, was making an "Alma viva" of himself, as Robert Louis Stevenson tells us is the wont of certain festive individuals.

Of course the picture was not true. As far as I am acquainted with the hybrid of the ass and the horse, when I have had (to my discomfort) the putting of him over a nasty place, he has shown—bless him!—a laudable amount of caution. He invariably moved along in a wary, discreet, and gingerly manner. He was sure-footed, because he attended strictly to business. I am certain that it was not my neck but his own he was solicitous about.

Mr. Fred Remington, who is a mule specialist, says that out West—that is, very far out West—the freighter believes that the mule works best with a man on his back. Such purely psychical conditions as a mule develops when a man mounts him the artist did not expatiate about. If coruscations of heels and of legs radiating simultaneously not from one but from several centres explain the neutral status of a mule in his relationship to man, I should say, with the general concensus of opinion, that the mule was not an amiable creation, and rather deficient in sweetness and light.

The picture, then, of the Spanish instrumentalist on muleback was absurd and wanting in respect to the mule. Any decent animal would resent the twanging of catgut in proximity to his ears, and would have rightly rolled over and smashed the guitar and the guitarist to flinders.

"How on earth did that team of six mules with a busted brake ever get down that mountain-side?" was the question asked of Mr. Frederic Remington.

"I am sure I don't know," was the artist's reply. "Captain Viele and Lieutenant Clark were inside. I was on the seat with the driver. The gentlemen inside of the ambulance might have been shaken up. They were cooped in. I am led to suppose that there was clutching for straps or backs of seats, but they never mentioned it. It was as much as I could do to keep on. How we landed safely? It was skill of the driver and mule sense. I do not suppose that for coolness and steadiness anything can equal those ambulance drivers. When they get into a tight place, when it's a question of overcoming the laws of gravity, it would be madness for them to try and check natural momentum unless they knew just how and when to do it."

"They let things slide?"

"This was the situation. The steepest kind of a mountain-side in Arizona, between Fort Thomas and Fort Grant. Engineering on that road rough, ready, and rudimentary. Character of country, the Geronimo one. You know about it, because it was not far from where those robbers got off with that gallant Major Wham's military chest, and a better and prettier fight than he and the boys under him made is not recorded. Going down those inclines you must steer clear of things. Touch a stone or a rock splinter, and you go into smithereens. Just as we took the header, 'Busted brake,' said the driver, sententiously. Maybe he added something more that sounded like a blaze of blue lightning. He grit his teeth, but he never stopped. The fact was he couldn't. Never drove a team of six mules?" inquired Mr. Remington.

The nearest experience the writer had was to have been run away with by a team of four unbroken Kentucky horses, but he said, "No; never."

"Well, then, don't. You see, these mules were broncho stock. 'Broncho' does not mean anything more than native stock, maybe Mexican jacks bred to dams raised in the Territory. These mules have plenty of spirit, are as tough as sole-leather, with great reserves of cussedness to draw on. Take such a team on a fairly flat road, and you have your hands full. Put them down a mountain-side, with nothing 'busted,' and had you as many hands as Briareus, you would want all the fingers and wrists of that mythological freak to keep things from getting into a tangle.

"You see, there is the pole team, or the wheelers, the middle team or swing team as they call them, and then there are the leaders. Play tenpins? Notice the balls when the boys send them down the incline? Well, that's just a little like it. This business here is an outfit going unchecked, brake busted, awhizzing full tilt down hill. Fortunately there were three or four switchbacks, sharp turns on the down grade, just about the length of the ambulance and the team, and just there the impetus had to be stopped. Now the trouble was to keep the leaders free, or the swing mules would be on them, and if the pace had to be slackened, the trick was to prevent the ambulance from mounting on the backs of the pole team. If any one mule climbed on the back of another, there would have been a snarl. The team had to be worked collectively and individually. A single lagging mule would have dished us. The lash those drivers use is never-ending. To use the poetic vernacular of the freighter, that whip was eternally 'poured' into the leaders. The driver braced himself against the foot-board, and took in his warp of reins with all that muscular energy a man has used to roping steers. How an ambulance can spin on one wheel at a time, or on two, or three, only occasionally on four, I then acquired some acquaintance with.

"Never see a pile of mules? It's a seething mass. You don't want a fan. There is a natural circulation of air—a full breeze. A dump of live horses hampered in harness is a dead lump. The beasts seem stunned, and want man's help to clear them up as equine débris. But a pot-pourri of mules! That scorns human assistance. It resents it. Every element of it is endowed with centrifugal motion. Collars, chains, buckles, traces, headstalls, swingletrees? Nonsense! Blotting-paper, darning cotton, pipe stems. It does not remain a conglomerate mass long. It frees itself by pure mule-force. That's the time when any self-respecting broncho mule will kick the spots off the sun. It is not the fall that takes the hide off of them, but interkicking just flays them."

"Interchange of congratulations when you were safely landed?" was the query.

"Not a bit. It could not have been a novel incident to the gentlemen inside. What I really was most intent on was to catch some of the points for a sketch. I would not have missed it for a good deal."

And these are about the facts in relation to Mr. Frederic Remington's spirited sketch of "A Busted Brake."

Usually studies of mules present them in a quiescent state. We assort, in a conventional manner, a mule and an abbot, and there is slowness of movement. Mr. Remington sees mules in another guise. Intent on catching the action of the horse, the fine movement of the mule is apt to be neglected. Now there is nothing more replete with nervous energy than a mule's foreleg. Slimmer of limb than the horse, quality of muscle takes the place of quantity. Those mule legs are all bone, ligature, and sinew. If the mule slopes a little too much toward his hind-quarters, and is wanting in form from the girth backward, notice how he pulls when he works, with an upward rise of the spinal column. His hind hoofs clutch the ground, while his forefeet do the climbing. A well-bred African mule, as you may see him at Algiers or Tangier, is an animal to excite admiration, just as Mr. Bridgman has drawn him. The mother's beauty of form gives a certain grace despite extraordinary length of ear. Egyptian mules have no special quality, and are coarse. The perfect Spanish mule, I am inclined to think, is of the past, for as far as his history goes the Moorish jack brought into Spain deteriorated two centuries ago. Malaga still boasts of having a pure race though undersized, though mules in Malaga are beauties.

How does it happen that Mr. Remington, whose atelier is on the outskirts of an old-fashioned town near Long Island Sound, can transport himself to Arizona? As a wise artist, he has assorted his models to his subjects. Parthenon freizes, Greek urns, the Hermes, the Venus of Milo, Egyptian tablets, Murano glass, Persian draperies, Japanese screens, claymores, halberds, would not be in harmony with Mr. Remington's scale. A scalp in Alma-Tadema's atelier would clash with his temperament. Mr. Remington's property-room is in some respects an Indian museum; in others an ethnological collection. Here is the whole equipment of cow-boy or vaquero. The most foreign thing is the heavily padded and tawdrily spangled jacket of the toreador; but that tells of the bulls in Toledo or Valencia. Here are the perfect outfits, from the hats to the boots and spurs, of the various cow-punchers, and an arsenal of Indian arms.

What is the size of an Indian bow? Here is a buffalo bow, such as in the past Indians used. There are quirts of many kinds, and as far as I can trace it, the quirt came from Morocco to Spain, and from Spain to America. Would you have a nice knife to butcher with or fight with or scalp with? You can make a selection. You might want to break an enemy's skull. Here is a brain-smasher. An Apache has made an elegant one out of a wagon spoke, and to help the cruel character of the blow he has worked in a line of screws, leaving their heads an inch or so clear of the wood. Mr. Remington explained what archæologists do not think about—that with an arrow a foe, though stricken, would not fall, as when hit with a rifle-ball. The wounded man had to be despatched at close quarters with a club or a knife. Then to make things quite pleasant, scalping followed.

Those Dryasdusts who collect stone implements of the past, who never saw a true-for-true red man, invariably underrate the ability of the primitive race. It is not a lecture on archæology Mr. Remington has the least intention of giving, but his studies have been thorough, otherwise how could he paint an Apache and his surroundings? The early Indian was fully stocked, Mr. Remington believes, when he had twenty-five implements in all, he had a luxurious outfit. He was forcedly a Jack-of-all-trades, with a limited amount of tools, and must have been handy. One implement served him for many purposes.

As to horse equipments of white and red men, they were innumerable, and in that property-room the evolution of the saddle could be followed. Here were the many bits; and especially repugnant to the lover of the horse were those cruel Mexican bits, weighing barely a few ounces, but capable of choking a horse, and if used with force, of cutting his poor tongue in two. No wonder a Mexican can ride and turn a horse at the foot of a wall with a twitch of his little finger. From Powder River, Montana, to the artist's atelier the distance might be long, but the outfit was all there. If a bunch of cattle had been on that range (it was a pretty lawn, where tennis was being played), and a round-up, a rodeo, or parada had been necessary, horses being understood, there was everything ready, even to the chaps, the rope, the lazo, or the riata.

What Mr. Remington has done has been to cast aside the conventional, and to follow out his own individuality. The subjects he has most to heart are scenes of frontier life. He seizes the two antagonistic races—the white man and the Indian—the latter rapidly disappearing, and the former in a few years to be as to a particular calling among the things of the past. He is preserving for us artistically, as far as relates to the Indian, what Catlin did a lifetime ago, only Catlin did it in a *routinière* way. It is the frontiersman's life which is the subject of prime interest to Mr Remington. Working in that field, he has found the fullest opportunity. The subjects accommodate themselves to his virile and masculine style. The man is one thing, but really is his horse something else? Both are with Mr. Remington centaur-like, combined.

Theories more or less curious might be presented explanatory of why Mr. Remington can make those led-mules in "A Busted Brake" gallop right out of his picture. When exactly an artist painted a horse with white eyeballs, endowed with equine movements in accordance with the painter's inner consciousness, or when he sketched an actual horse, and put him on his proper legs, just as he absolutely saw him, such information, if presentable, would be quite useless.

All that can be said of Mr. Remington is that with a burst of speed he has come very much to the front. It is equally evident that in the race he has great staying powers, and that his influence on American art will be marked. B. P.

AMERICAN PROGRESS IN SILK-MAKING.

It is only about twenty-five years ago that this country could scarcely be said to count the manufacture of silk among her industries. But what strides we have made since then! In Paterson alone there are 100 crowded busy mills engaged in every department of silk manufacture. The humming of wheels, the shrill whirring of spindles, the crashing of shuttles, may almost be heard among the hills that lie about this Lyons of America. Not less than 20,000 operatives are employed in these factories.

Persons not yet sure of our place among the nations remarkable for industrial skill ask why is it that we still are obliged to import so much manufactured silk. What is it that we cannot make? The reply is that we are rapidly overcoming every technical difficulty, and are increasing our domestic production at such a rate that even silk importers anxious to retain their foreign trade state that the next ten years will see us manufacturing practically all the silk that we need.

We now make surahs, gros grains, cheap brocades, *faille française*, taffetas, and wash silks, such as pongees. We do not make velvets, high-grade brocades, and goods of a similar class, nor do we produce to any extent fabrics composed of silk and cotton.

We do not make high-priced silks, figured velvets, etc., because it would not pay us to do so. We are impatient in this country of the slow processes of the hand. We found the making of guns by machinery successful, so we did not hesitate to apply artificial power to our silk machinery. The result has been a pronounced success. But it is probable that the day will never come when machinery can produce silks to compare in excellence with our importations from foreign hand-looms. Neither is it likely that we shall adopt, for some time to come, the hand process of producing these goods. They have the skill—we might almost say the instinct—of centuries abroad in such manufacture, and here we are naturally behind them. Moreover, our people will not work, and cannot do it, for such wages as keep the foreign operative in tolerable comfort. But the great bulk of the manufactures of staple fabrics is passing rapidly into our hands.

We do not manufacture largely now fabrics composed of silk and cotton, for the reason that the staple of our cotton is not long enough, and Egyptian cotton will also produce a better fabric combined with silk than ours can. But two or three Paterson manufacturers assured me that we shall soon be doing this class of work in this country. "To the extent of natural disadvantages on our side," one of them said, "they will worst us abroad; but we beat them in excellence of machinery. So our disadvantage will not be so great, after all."

There is still among us that reluctance to accord the same honor to our own prophets as to the foreign prophets. For this reason our good republican women will prefer in many instances yet to pay ten cents more a yard for a brocade, a gros grain, or some other kind of goods, if it is imported, than for a domestic fabric of equal or greater excellence.

It is as well to say here that we beat all other countries in the production of the cheaper silks enumerated. Our designing is of the highest and most artistic order, and we even can carry the palm for finishing a branch of the manufacture adopted here only of late.

A great many have cherished the hope that this country can supply mulberry leaves and caterpillars as well as Europe and Asia. It is true that we can supply them, and California and Pennsylvania have already made extended experiments. As far as these have gone they have been successful, but as a factor in our silk commerce the whole thing for many a year to come can be only a drop in the bucket. It is proven that it does not pay us to take time in this occupation, or to make money grants for its furtherance. We produce annually in both States about 2000 pounds of silk.

Because we cannot here again compete with foreign labor, the enterprise is deemed impracticable by all who are informed on the subject. Silk-worms need minute and unremitting attention. They must be fed and cleaned every two hours, and must have an unvarying temperature. In China the wages for such work runs only a trifle over a cent a day! And the Chinese have had all their centuries of experience in the work. In Italy the wages run hardly over fourteen cents a day, and in France they are only about a franc. Moreover, no automatic silk reeler has been devised that is satisfactory. The work must by done by hand. Said a Paterson mill owner to me: "I don't believe silk can ever be reeled by machinery. A machine hasn't nerves and sensibility. The skill of the reeler consists in the delicacy of touch and his capacity to proceed from the touch or feel of the delicate films."

It is only a little while ago that there was a flutter everywhere in the realm of silk because some one had proposed that native worms should be protected. The matter was considered by the Department of Agriculture. The Silk Association of America took it up, and domestic as well as foreign trade is there represented. It was the unanimous opinion that any duty just now upon raw silk would be to bind about the limbs of a young industry cords that would destroy it.

The year 1882 showed the largest total of imports of silks into this country. The annexed table, collated by Messrs. Rose & Trumbull, of the *American Silk Journal* (the former being special census agent for the United States for the manufacture of silk goods, the latter being the historian of the silk business of the country), is interesting as showing the steady progress made by domestic looms since 1882:

	Domestic Silks.	Foreign Silks.
1882	$35,102,020	$57,951,051
1883	37,214,290	48,357,854
1884	34,444,770	46,786,392
1885	36,893,662	35,231,115
1886	54,941,026	41,732,395
1887	56,429,185	46,093,315
1888	57,288,422	47,906,137
1889	58,668,780	50,645,574

But this comparison even does not show the relative value of foreign and domestic goods consumed in the United States, because a duty of 60 per cent. is counted in 1882, the invoiced value being about $39,000,000. In 1883 the duty was reduced to 50 per cent., bringing the invoice value of last year's importations down to about $34,000,000 on goods entered at the port of New York. In short, since 1882 we increased our production from about two-fifths of our total consumption to about a half. Mr. Rose informs me that we must have now in this country—and he is already engaged at his census gleanings—no fewer than 700 establishments employed in the manipulation of silk fibre. In other words, our yearly domestic manufactures reach now about $60,000,000.

In all that makes for swiftness, originality of work, and labor-saving, American machinery used in the manufacture of silk excels all other in the world. This is due to native inventive capacity, and to a general unwillingness to use the hand where artificial power can be employed. There is hardly a week in which some new patent is not registered. So excellent is native machinery, and so high the class of fabrics produced by it, that foreign manufacturers often refuse to believe that the goods have not been made by hand. There is an old-fashioned prejudice in Europe and Asia against the use of power, but latterly they have begun to order American machines, and are surprised at the results achieved.

In throwing machinery ours is without any equal, and now that we are constantly increasing our army of throwsters, we are making proportionate improvements in all our devices. Machines for this work that have a world-wide popularity are those of the W. G. & R. A. Morrison Co., Willimantic, Connecticut, and the Atwood Machine Co., of Stonington, Connecticut, while in weaving, our improvements on the old Jacquard and other looms are the wonder of our neighbors abroad.

It was a long time before American manufacturers took courage to undertake boldly these divisions of the work. But short as they have been at it, they can now finish cheap and medium fabrics better than the foreign goods of the same class. Finishing requires its own machinery of course, and in the production of new machines and the improvement of old ones native skill appeared at its best. We can now reckon a number of most capable finishers, pioneers among them probably being Boettger & Heintze, and the Arnold Co. Finishing of course means the processes by which appearance, etc., are imparted to the fabric.

Dyeing in the piece, so long a stubborn process, has given way to thought and perseverance; and dyeing in the yarn no longer presents any difficulty. Our printing, too, which not so long ago we believed could not be done here, is one of the striking successes in silk manufacture.

All the problems of throwing have disappeared, the throwing of silk, of course, corresponding with the spinning of a cotton, woollen, or linen thread. In the three latter threads the task is to spin *down* to a sufficient fineness; but the silk throwster must spin *up* to the required weight.

So successful have our people become in this regard that we have now many large manufacturers owning their own throwing plant, and some do throwing for other weavers, but the bulk of throwing is done by specialist firms on commission.

The manufacture of silk everywhere in the country, according to the latest estimate, employs about 50,000 persons, "and ten years more, depend upon it," said a Green Street dealer to me, "will see the number doubled."

Among the 100 silk-mills clustered together in Paterson, and making of that town a hive of activity, a considerable proportion of the operatives are girls. Most of them are young girls, ranging from fourteen to twenty-five, but some of them have grown old amidst the looms, and they have lost the roses of their cheeks and the cunning of their fingers. But still they are retained, for there is always something found to do for those who can work.

But of all the girls who work in factories, the young woman of the silk-mill is the brightest looking, the best clad, and usually the prettiest. You could scarcely believe, if you saw her in the street after the day is done, or on Sunday or a holiday, that she has stood all the long day on her feet, plying her hands, her thought, her eye, and her ear being unceasingly on the alert. She is smartly and genteelly dressed. She has a jaunty, bright air, her laughter is a ripple, and the demure consciousness in her roguish eye tells you that she knows it all.

She can well afford to dress herself well, for if she be quick and capable her average weekly earning will not fall below $9. An experienced girl, with quick hands, and in whose skill the employer can place confidence, will make from $14 to $18 per week.

And mercy me! all the silent wooing, the mute language of eyes, that must go on among these looms; and this is attested by the many couples that are constantly being wedded from these Paterson mills. I saw all the process of the match-making there as I saw the process of fabric-making among the machinery. There was scarcely a loom in any factory that I entered but had a banged forehead and a pair of bright eyes behind it; a casual glance would impress you that she thought of naught else in this world but her reels, her threads, her shuffles, or her loom; but a figure passes in between the humming machinery, and she does not miss seeing him too.

She will come to work demurely in the morning as a young nun, and she will trip out at lunch without a word, going, perhaps, arm in arm with her "lady friend," but in the evening, when wheels and shuffles cease their clatter, you will find that she has her tryst right at the very door of the mill; and how proud and happy the young operator seems as he walks away with her toward her home!

There is a strong kind of the highest pride among these Paterson young women. They believe that no occupation on the earth is superior to theirs; their personal conduct is the highest, and they delight in the good name of all their companions.

It would not do to employ slovenly, dirty, or careless persons in these mills. The most costly fabrics are works of their hands, and broken threads, the smirch made by a dirty gown or uncleanly fingers, would be a serious damage to the fabric.

But these girls are public-spirited too, and one of the most praiseworthy institutions in this progressive town is the benevolent society, an institution organized by mill-operatives, male and female. Proprietors knew nothing of the movement till the project was in proper shape, and then they lent their support. Each operative is taxed ten cents a month, and the fund is applied for the relief of any man or girl of good standing in the mills.

Deaths or cases of destitution among mill folk are at once reported, and necessary funds supplied. Many a case of distress has been so relieved, the recommendation of the committee being always acted upon in such cases. "The poor-house," said a kind-hearted mill owner to me, "gets no recruits from our establishments. So long as they can be of any service to us in our factories we keep them employed. Just come here," and he led the way out into the weaving-room, and there I saw three old women, two of them being beyond the age where heartless employers would find much use for their services. But they were all employed, all neat and clean, and all cheerful looking.

A curious fact is that among the twenty odd thousand of these operatives there scarce seem to be any strangers. It does not seem to matter what factory they work in, one seems to know the other, and they pass salutations as they meet on the street, like members of one household.

A good many of them belong to Paterson, the girls living with their parents; some are from other towns, and they live with Paterson friends, or in houses in the suburbs. A good many are foreigners, having been trained in the great establishments of Crefeld, Lyons, Germany, and England, for whenever an attempt at a new departure in manufacture has been made in these late years, it was necessary to obtain the best foreign skill. But the American operative is so quick to learn that our manufacturers now assert that we can do our own work with our own people; and were it otherwise there is a government embargo upon skilled labor coming to our shores. But there is no bickering, no rivalry or jealousy, among those from the great Old World mills and those native born.

As has been said, our own mills turn out all manner of silk fabrics, excelling outside products except in plushes, combinations of silk and cotton, and high and heavy fancies. "If we made these by hand-looms as they do abroad," said a manufacturer to me, "where could we find a market? We would be obliged to charge as much as the European manufacturer, plus the duty. But European houses are already prepared to supply the world, and us with the rest, in these exceptional lines."

He then informed me that it is the practice of some of our large dealers in silk goods in this city to put a foreign label or brand upon goods made in domestic mills, as there is still the preference for the foreign article. These goods are sold as imports, and are exhibited by my lady to her friends as such. But she has no cause to repent of the purchase.

Nothing can better illustrate the success of domestic silk-making than the experience of some of those who have engaged in it. "I know of manufacturers here," said a prominent mill owner, "who began two, three, and four years ago without any money, and they are now on the high-road to independent fortunes. Two in particular I have in mind. One was a young fellow not long out of a factory, the other knew nothing about the business. They had a couple of hundred dollars, hired an old basement, put in a couple of looms, and went to work. As fast as the one made a few yards of silk, the other hustled off and sold it. Now one of the largest commission houses in New York city is their agent."

There is evidence of the success of the silk business likewise in the character of the homes of the mill workers. Their houses are not pretentious, but are far more desirable and cozy than the ordinary city tenement. Each building has, as a rule, two stories, with a portico. It has a garden-plot in front of it, cheerful with flowers and vegetables in summer, and tended by the hands of the mill man's wife. Here, too, when toil is done, may be heard the music of an organ or a piano.

THE GRANT MONUMENT.

The design chosen for the Grant Monument by the unanimous vote of the members of the Executive Committee is the work of Mr. John H. Duncan, of 237 Broadway, who is also the successful competitor for a design for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial Arch now in course of erection in Prospect Park, Brooklyn. The main part of the monument is a cube, 100 feet in each dimension. On top of that stands a pyramid about 70 feet high, which is to be crowned eventually by an appropriate piece of statuary. The architecture is of the Doric order. The four sides face the points of the compass, and the main entrance is on the south side. In front of it will be a colossal equestrian statue of General Grant. There are two other entrances, each side of the main one. Over them all extends a gateless portico, at the top of which a cornice runs, into which are worked the coats of arms of all the States of the Union. Further up on the exterior is another cornice, into which are worked designs of weapons and battle-flags. Aside from these, the outside of the monument is plain.

The pyramid at the top ascends to the apex by terraces, like the pyramids of Egypt. Thirty feet below its top there is a row of windows, through which visitors may look from the inside. At the base of the monument are steps, forming a sufficient pedestal.

Inside the whole space is open, making a large hall, 85 by 75 feet, capable of containing 1000 people. At one side is a staircase leading to a gallery 122 feet above the floor, from which visitors, through the windows already mentioned, may obtain glorious views up and down the Hudson, east over the Sound, and west to the wooded heights of New Jersey. The top of the monument, which has generally been described as a "dome," is supported within by columns.

Directly over the entrance portico and above the four inner of the six Doric columns will be spaces for equestrian statues of the four generals who commanded the divisions of the army under Grant. In the frieze of this portico will be coats-of-arms of the States, and around the walls of the Memorial Hall also may be placed bass-reliefs, pictures, battle-flags, and other war trophies, and such other memorials as may be deemed appropriate.

On the side of the great hall opposite the entrance is the crypt, the floor of which is lower than that of the hall, with marble steps leading down to it. Here will rest the General's sarcophagus, with room beside it for Mrs. Grant's; thus carrying out the condition on which the General's widow indicated her preference for New York as the resting-place for his remains.

The cost of the whole structure, including the great equestrian statue at the entrance, but exclusive of all other statuary, is $500,000. It is estimated, however, that the main structure—the cube—which will be complete in itself, can be built, without any "extras," for about $150,000. As the committee have now $140,000 in hand, the work may be begun immediately. With all the statuary and ornamentation contemplated, the eventual cost will probably be something like $600,000.

The considerations that led the committee to adopt Mr. Duncan's design with such unanimity were mainly three. First, the monument could be thereby constructed "on the instalment plan"—the main part built more or less complete with the money now in hand, and the rest whenever sufficient funds should be acquired in future. Other plans were offered which embodied this feature, also, but in the opinion of the committee the present design was the most successful in this respect. The immense cube will be in itself at least a monument, and a big one, even if the money for the pyramid is as long in coming as the money for the completion of the Washington Monument.

In the second place, this design provides for a large Memorial Hall, suitable for the display of all sorts of mementos and appropriate emblems. In the opinion of the committee this is an important point.

In the third place, this design appeared to the committee the best—or at least as good as any of the others—from an artistic point of view. The monument will be grand in its proportions; it exhibits solid strength; the ornamentation is in accord with the purpose of the structure; the design is not hackneyed. The leading idea sought to be carried out in the whole structure seems to be that of a certain massive simplicity, which is well in keeping with the character of the man in whose honor it is erected. A more elaborate and ornate building would not seem so well fitted to be the shrine and memento of such a spirit as Grant's. In this respect the design is a success. Whether to travellers viewing it from a distance the untopped cube of stone will seem grand and appropriate may perhaps be doubted. Still when the whole is complete, and topped by an appropriate statue or group, the effect from a distance will probably be good.

The ground on which the monument is to stand is now well known to New-Yorkers. The upper end of Riverside Park is high, and the monument will tower above all its surroundings, and will be visible far up the Hudson, and far down the bay also, unless the new cathedral intercepts the view from that direction. The site could not be finer. It is the best in New York, and therefore the best in the country.

The final choice of a design, and, still more, the actual beginning of work upon the monument, will probably have two very important effects—to put an end to the agitation in Congress and elsewhere of the idea of removing Grant's body to Arlington, and to stimulate the generosity of Americans, so that substantial additions shall soon be made to the monument fund. The two are intimately connected. Only a very small fraction of the $140,000 thus far raised was contributed outside of New York; and it seems probable that the reason for this apparent niggardliness is the feeling of uncertainty as to the finality of the choice of the site for the tomb. Otherwise it is certainly inexplicable, except on the ground of a jealousy that is really incredible. The failure of Mr. Plumb's resolution in the Senate should have been the end of all agitation for any removal, and as soon as the absolute permanence of the site is assured, contributions will doubtless come in from all parts of the country.

IN THE VINEYARD SOUND.

Like a phantom pale the Gay Head light
'Gainst the blackening cloud of the squall stands out.
The rote of the surf on Menimsha Bight
Murmurs its warning of "Ready! About!"

Over the woods of far Naushawn
Gathers the veil of the driving rain,
And frightened coasters, with topmasts gone,
Are steering Tarpaulin Cove to gain.

Out-footed, out-pointed, the rest of the fleet
Of the yachts, close-hauled on the starboard tack,
In a long-drawn line make their weary beat,
And the forty-footers are turning back.

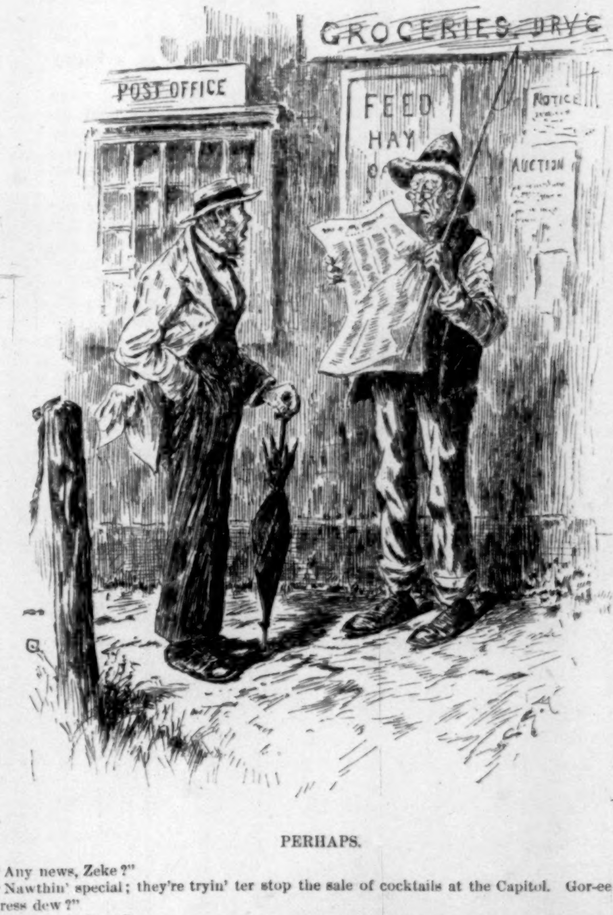
Through the rifted cloud-rack broad abeam
The sunrays lighten the beach-grass brown,
And the dipping buoy, with its red, wet gleam,
Still marks the reef where the wreck went down.

Then across the wave sweeps the storm-cloud's pall,
Headland and height are hid in its gloom;
The hiss of the rain and the roar of the squall
Blend with the thunder's muttering boom.

In the eye of the wind shakes fast each sail
As the sharp command comes "Hard a-lee!"
The foam leaps up o'er the weather rail,
The downhauls are manned, and the halyards free.

Then, with all made snug aloft and alow,
Save a stay-sail's head for an instant shown,
The mainsail we furl and the jibs we stow
As into the mist we drive alone.

Walter Mitchell.



PERHAPS.

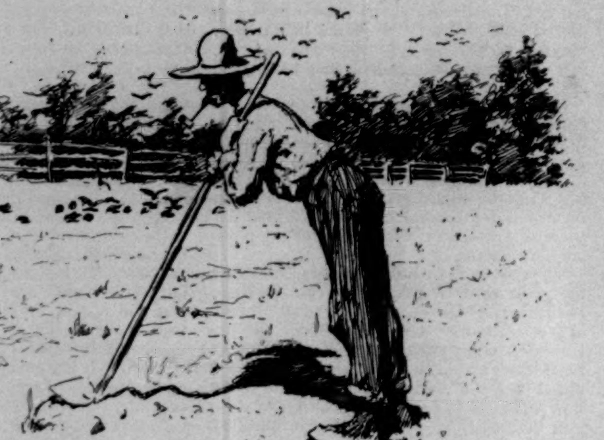
"Any news, Zeke?"

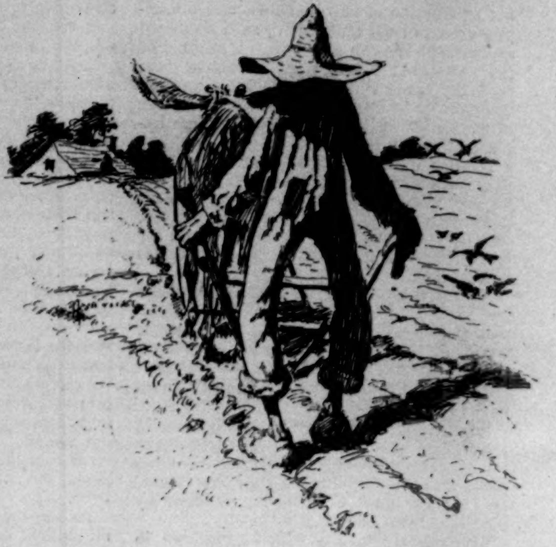
"Nawthin' special; they're tryin' ter stop the sale of cocktails at the Capitol. Gor-ee! what 'll Congress dew?"

"Dry up, perhaps."

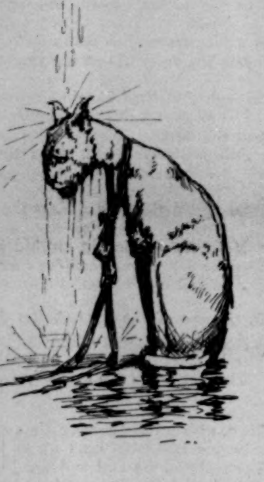
FARMING.

V.





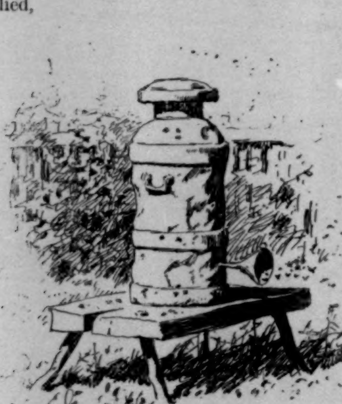
SO far our farming had not been what might be called eminently successful, but we were not entirely discouraged. Phillada's smile was the rainbow that followed the storm which came through the roof and depressed the kitchen fire and the Maltese cat. Her words of sympathy made me hopeful when the crows descended and plucked the sprouting corn from the earth, just after I had hoed it once, and in so doing made myself as round-shouldered as a shoemaker, and bent myself forward to such an extent that I was afraid to straighten up lest peradventure I break.



While debating in my mind the question "whether is it harder to drop potatoes or pick them up," Phillada began to laugh, and said,

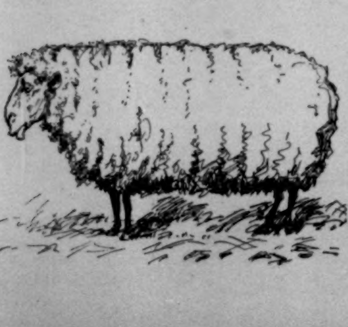
"I think I have discovered why we are not more successful."

And when I asked her to tell me, she replied,

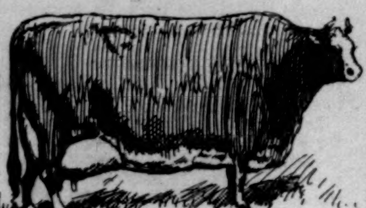


"Why, because we do not take an agricultural paper!"

It struck me that perhaps she was right; and I became so fully convinced of this, upon mature reflection, that in the course of a day or two I subscribed for the *Plough and Harrow*, a monthly journal devoted to the interests of farming.



This paper was really a great joy to me, for if it was lacking as regards solid information, it was overflowing with wholesome amusement. It made a specialty of letters from farmers designed to show others how to do certain things successfully in a new way, whose basis of value was its economy of time and labor. One farmer would tell how he made a beautiful eel-pot of an old stove pipe, and a beehive of an ancient milk can, while another would disclose the name of a certain homœopathic pill that cured his cow of garget. I noticed also the names of our old time-honored correspondents Veritas and Fair Play in the columns of the *Plough and Harrow*, though I never dreamed that they ventured into the field of agriculture. I learned from them how to plant grass-seed in a strong wind, and was cautioned against the absurdity of setting the drum-head cabbage beside the trumpet-flower, though the latter may have been the idle jest of a happy moment.

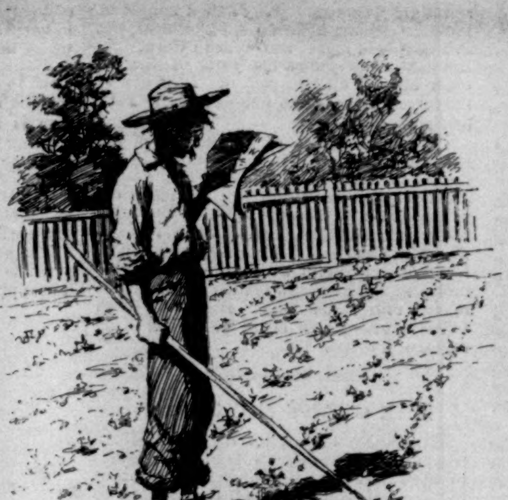


The illustrations were not masterpieces from an art stand-point, but they were well worth studying. I have forgotten the exact weight and dimensions of a certain sheep, whose name has escaped me, but which we cut out and pinned on the wall to enjoy at our leisure. It had corkscrew curls, and a pensive Hebraic cast of countenance, which inspired us with the idea of calling it the Jewish poetess, although we named it Susan Bowwow Skat.

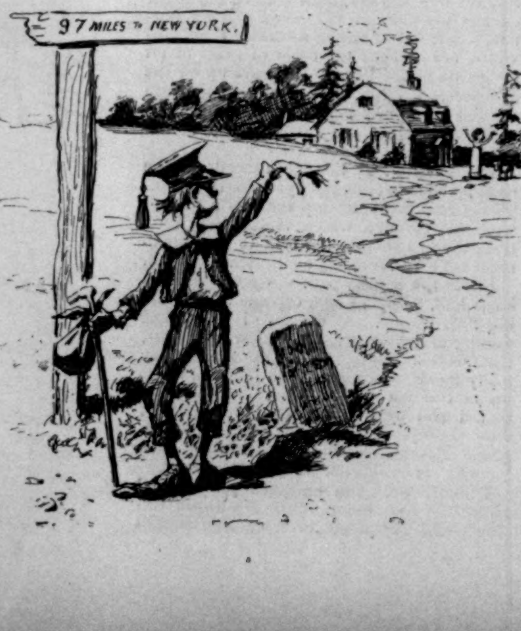
Then there were pictures of cocks with tails like willow draperies, standing in dignified attitudes, and throwing their heads back with martial pride. These were the fowls that any one could enjoy for so much per setting of eggs.—(See advertisement on inside cover.) The cows were represented as being about the size of oxen, and were so choice in the description that it seemed possible they were covered with French calf-skins and yielded nothing but cream. In fact, the whole paper made farming seem what might be called a refined joy, an exquisite rapture, and I felt far better off than when following the romantic pursuit of book-keeping.

Even as the clam fritters away his time at high water, so did I luxuriate in the high tide of my joy that didn't know the bounds of a flat or a dingy office, and when anything went wrong I flew to the *Plough and Harrow* for solace. In its columns I could read much that was instructive and elevating. There was the story of the good boy with fingers like sausages, and feet so large that they made him tired when he walked, who, in spite of the injunctions of the dyspectic maternal ancestor in the gingham hood, went to one of the great cities to grow up and be a great man. His adventures in the city were without special interest, except that he had a pretty hard time, and learned to appreciate the pleasures of a pastoral career while carrying large clumsy bundles about on the noisy street. Often he thought of "mother's gingerbread" and "Aunt Huldy's doughnuts" while dining in a coffee-and-cake saloon; and the apple-stand on the street brought to mind the old gnarled greening tree behind the house, where he used to roll in the grass and kick his feet in the air and strike at bumblebees with his felt hat. The story placed these particular "greenings" far above those found in the city, while it spoke of the dried-apple pies of the farm as a delicacy that no metropolitan caterer could equal. At any rate, he either couldn't stand the city fare, or he discovered that he couldn't rise to a great position just by being good and honest and freckled, so he returned to the ancient roof, and oh! what a jollification there was on that occasion. What avalanches of pie and rivers of cider, etc.

Then there was a poem called "Stick to the Plough, Tom!" which set forth the beauties of farming, and the utter folly of everything else.



Besides, there was a plan for a fifteen-hundred-dollar house, the only important fact concerning the same that was forgotten being that to build a fifteen-hundred-dollar house according to a fifteen-hundred-dollar plan the builder should have at least five thousand dollars.



97 MILES TO NEW YORK.

In spite of the glowing pictures in the *Plough and Harrow*, the scheme of farming didn't seem to be paying well, although there was no end of work.

"I'll tell you what we had better do," said Phillada.

"What?" I asked.

"So long as it is all work and no money, we might find a man who would be willing to work the place on shares."

"It is an Irish proposition," I replied, "but I think we had better act on it."

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

NOTE.—The first article of this series was published in No. 1746, the second in No. 1748, the third in No. 1759, and the fourth in No. 1760 of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SAFETY FROM A PESTILENTIAL SCOURGE.

PROTECTION from the disease, not a medicinal agent which merely checks the paroxysms, is the grand desideratum wherever the endemic scourge of malaria prevails. Quinine does not afford this protection. The chief reason why Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has won such immense popularity is, that it prepares the system to resist the malarial pest. This it does by bracing and toning the physical organism; regulating and promoting an equal flow and distribution of the animal fluids, and establishing digestion on a sound basis. Not only is fever and ague prevented, but the worst types of the disease are conquered by it. Such is the only conclusion to be drawn from the overwhelming evidence in its favor. It is equally efficacious in dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, general debility, and rheumatic complaint, and is a reliable diuretic and nervine.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ALL danger of drinking impure water is avoided by adding 20 drops of ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[*Adv.*]

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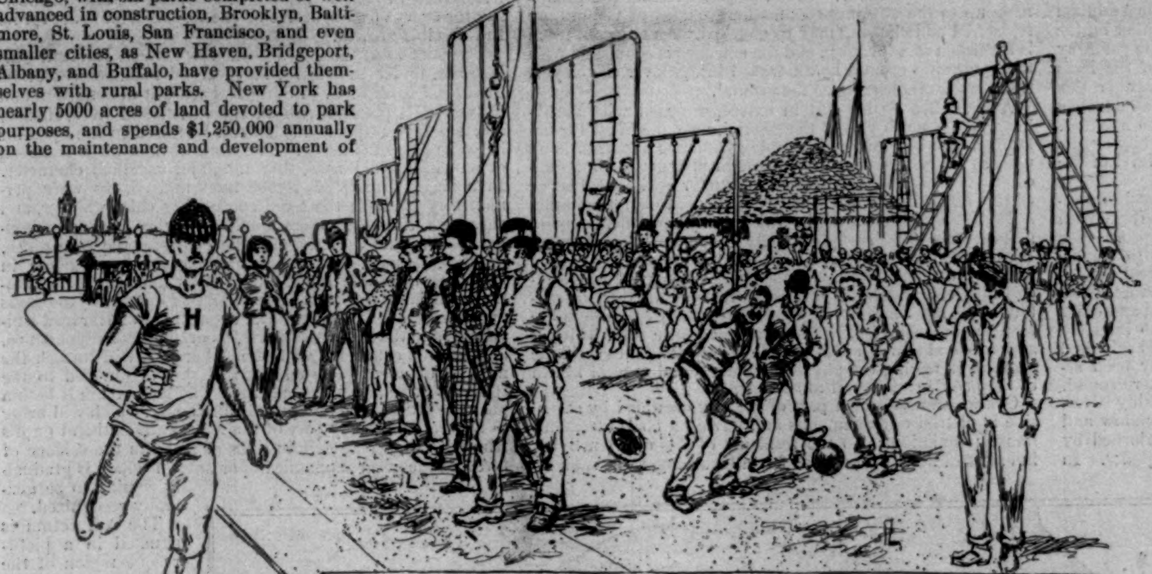
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

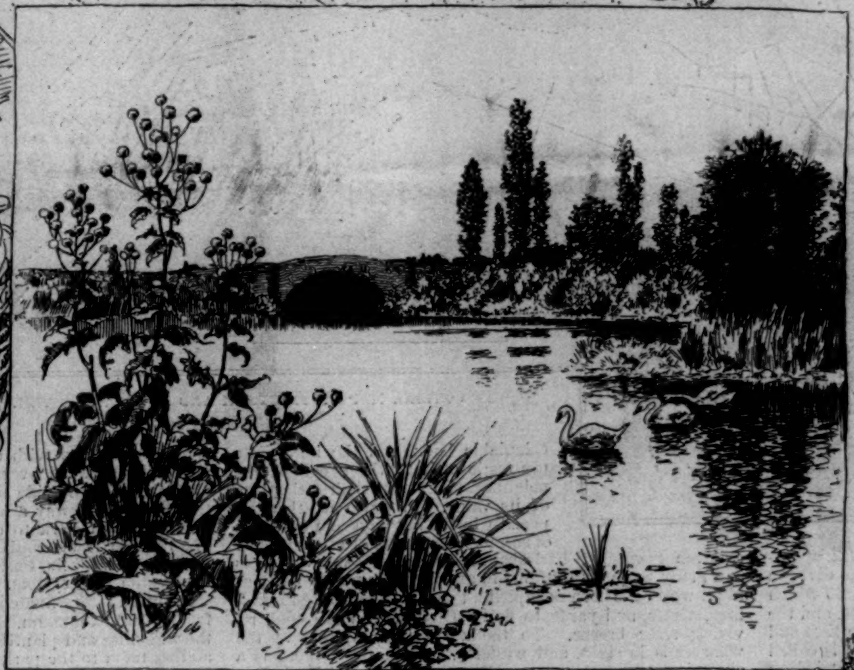
THE BOSTON PARK AND PARKWAY SYSTEM.

BY CLARENCE PULLEN.—ILLUSTRATED BY CHILDE HASSAM AND E. H. GARRETT.

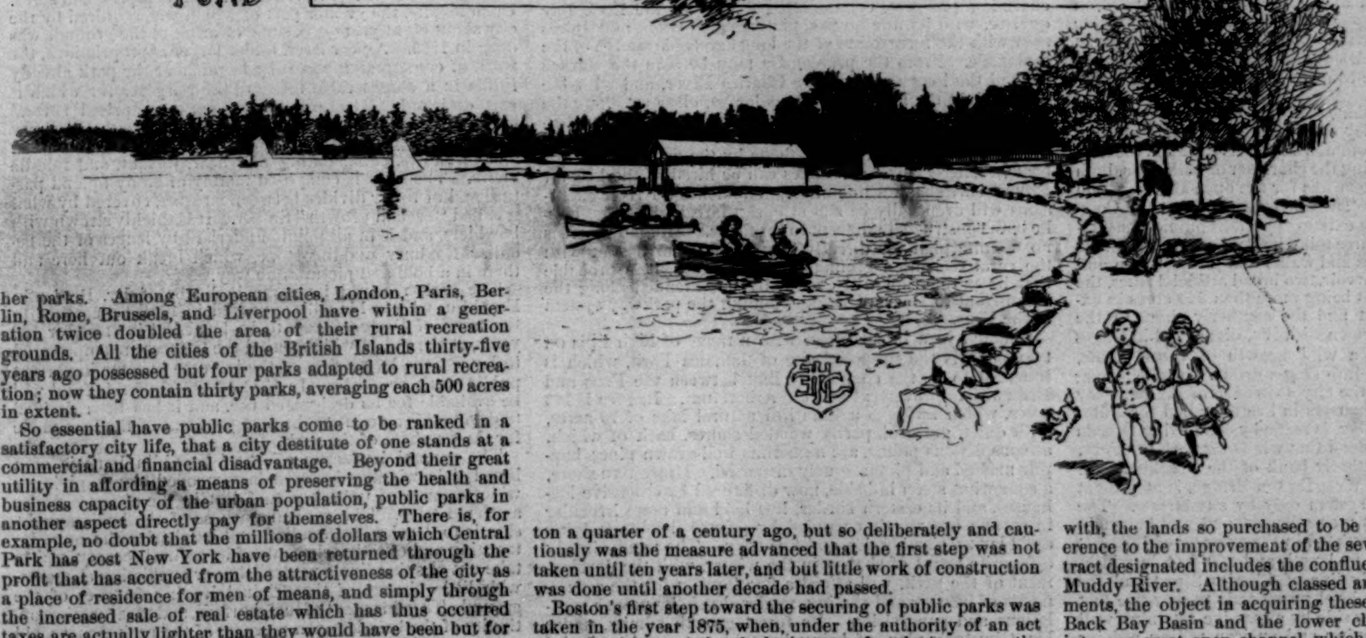
WITH the great economic civic improvements that have been made in the cities of Europe and America during the past twenty-five years there has been a corresponding development of means of popular recreation; and this progress has been strikingly shown in the planning and construction of public parks. A quarter of a century ago there were but two well-advanced rural parks in the United States; now there are more than forty, most of which are fulfilling in a large degree the beneficial purposes for which they were intended. Philadelphia, with its Fairmount Park of nearly 2800 acres in area, Chicago, with six parks completed or well advanced in construction, Brooklyn, Baltimore, St. Louis, San Francisco, and even smaller cities, as New Haven, Bridgeport, Albany, and Buffalo, have provided themselves with rural parks. New York has nearly 5000 acres of land devoted to park purposes, and spends $1,250,000 annually on the maintenance and development of her parks. Among European cities, London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, Brussels, and Liverpool have within a generation twice doubled the area of their rural recreation grounds. All the cities of the British Islands thirty-five years ago possessed but four parks adapted to rural recreation; now they contain thirty parks, averaging each 500 acres in extent.



THE OPEN-AIR GYMNASIUM



THE BACK-BAY FENS



JAMAICA POND

So essential have public parks come to be ranked in a satisfactory city life, that a city destitute of one stands at a commercial and financial disadvantage. Beyond their great utility in affording a means of preserving the health and business capacity of the urban population, public parks in another aspect directly pay for themselves. There is, for example, no doubt that the millions of dollars which Central Park has cost New York have been returned through the profit that has accrued from the attractiveness of the city as a place of residence for men of means, and simply through the increased sale of real estate which has thus occurred taxes are actually lighter than they would have been but for the Park.

At an early day Boston felt the need of public parks less than many other cities not so well favored in natural features and in the circumstances of their growth and development. Within the city proper are fifty-six public squares, commons, or gardens, the number of these much exceeding that of the same class of grounds of the united cities of New York and Brooklyn. Its beautiful rural suburbs, reached by an extensive and convenient system of steam and street railways and steam-boats, afford summer residences to many of its citizens, and pleasant routes for walking, riding, and driving to people living all the year in town. The spacious harbor, with its picturesque shores and islands, facilities for boating and bathing, and advantages for yachting, and the coolness in summer that comes from the breezes and tidal currents of its subdividing bays and rivers, have tended to make the immediate construction of parks a less imperative necessity than in the case of cities less naturally favored. The design of park-making was under consideration in Boston a quarter of a century ago, but so deliberately and cautiously was the measure advanced that the first step was not taken until ten years later, and but little work of construction was done until another decade had passed.

Boston's first step toward the securing of public parks was taken in the year 1875, when, under the authority of an act of the Legislature "for the laying out of parks in or near the city of Boston," the Mayor of the city, with the approval of the City Council, appointed a Board of Park Commissioners, three in number, with power to locate within the limits of the city of Boston one or more public parks, and to lay out, improve, govern, and regulate any such park or parks. Large appropriations of money have since been made by the city government from time to time for park-making; but with the exception of some provisional work and preliminary construction details, little was done up to the year 1885 to advance the project beyond the acquisition of a large part of the necessary lands.

The site selected for the park and parkway system of Boston lies south and east of the Charles River, and of this system Boston Common in the heart of the city is the radiating point from which no link in the chain of parks is more than four miles distant. From the vicinity of the Common fine avenues lead southerly to the annexed districts of Dorchester, Roxbury, and Brighton, in which, upon suburban lands of a high and picturesque character retaining many of their natural features have been located the rural parks. Avoiding the mistake of aiming at results that should be immediately pleasing to superficial observation, the Boston Park Commission has planned its work with a wise regard to what the experience of other cities has taught as to conditions of lasting growth and substantial value, and has moved with confidence, method, and system, steadily step by step to carry to completion a well-matured design. Its plans in this respect have at no time been nullified or hastily and radically modified, and the work has been so planned as to avoid as far as possible the necessity of future restorations, repairs, and additions. The necessary preliminary step in a work of this kind, of supreme importance to the success of the object desired, is competent advisory service, and the preparation of plans and estimates was provided for in the employment of Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, the eminent landscape architect, famous in connection with the designing and construction of the New York Central Park, and of nearly every other important work of public park construction in the United States. From the beginning Mr. Olmsted has held in relation to the Boston parks and parkway the position of landscape architect advisory.

The starting-point and virtual centre of the Boston park and parkway system, the famous Common and public garden, lies in the heart of the city, upon the southwesterly slope of the original Boston peninsula. This tract of seventy-two acres, once a cow pasture and training-ground, has grown in a desultory fashion into an inconsistent, yet, on the whole, beautiful urban pleasure-ground, comprising vistas of trees, green turf, pools of water with cut-stone borders, a profusion of shrubbery and beautiful flowers artificially arranged, antique burial-ground, monuments—dignified and otherwise—a ball field, and other natural and unnatural features. It is divided by Charles Street, and from the foot of its lower division Commonwealth Avenue, with its fine driveways, lawn-bordered mall and shade trees, leads between rows of stately buildings to the Fens of the Back Bay, the beginning of the new work in the chain of parks and parkways.

The Back Bay Improvement and Parkway System, from the Back Bay to Jamaica Pond, begins at the Fens in the low tract where the two streams, Stony Brook and the Muddy River, draining a large area of Roxbury, West Roxbury, and Brookline, empty their waters into what was formerly a tide pool known as the Back Bay Basin, or the "full basin," a natural depression situated amid the new lands formed by the extensive filling in of the area of marshes and flats, mostly under water, which are now the site of a fashionable quarter of the city, the Back Bay—a name generally applied to the whole district from the Providence Railroad and Arlington Street to Brookline. With the increase of population along their banks the use of the streams as a receptacle for sewage had caused at their confluence in the full basin, and in the whole marshy region of the Back Bay, a nuisance that made the vicinity uninhabitable in hot weather.

To remedy this condition of things an order was passed by the City Council in the year 1877, authorizing the purchase by the Park Commissioners of 100 acres of land, or flats, on the Back Bay for a park and streets connected therewith, the lands so purchased to be located with special reference to the improvement of the sewerage of the city. The tract designated includes the confluence of Stony Brook and Muddy River. Although classed among the park improvements, the object in acquiring these lands was to open the Back Bay Basin and the lower channel of Muddy River into one great open channel, which, lying amid ornamental grounds and roadways, should provide a suitable outlet for the waters of the two streams, and a reservoir for storing and controlling the excessive water in time of freshet occurring with high tide. Work upon the Back Bay Park was begun in 1879, with the result that a satisfactory and permanent sanitary improvement was soon effected. To transform the unsightly area thus regenerated into a beautiful recreation ground combining the features of a salt-marsh and boulevard, was a unique and difficult undertaking which has now been carried a long way toward a successful completion.

The Fens comprise the depression and environing banks of a long irregularly shaped basin, in which winds a brackish creek nearly a mile in length, bordered by salt-marshes, and opening into the Charles River, the inflow of which at high tide is of salt-water. To establish the grade of the bottom of the basin the sods of the marshes were removed, the mud excavated, and the sods relaid. The high, irregularly winding banks that border the marsh are thickly set with trees in great variety, thickets, shrubbery, and wild vines, intermixed with indigenous wild flowers and herbaceous and perennial growths of various hues, which soften their outline and impart much delicate variety in tone and color, the picturesque elements being emphasized by a few necessary walls and bridges of rough stone, in the interstices of which vines and other vegetations flourish.

Winding and undulating roads finely graded and macadamized surmount the banks of the basin. The Boylston Road, carried above the waterway on a handsome arch of smooth-faced stone, curves across the park near the foot, and from it two beautiful avenues, the Fenside and the Audubon Road, wind southward, one on the east and the other on the west side of the basin, to enter that division of the parkway system which is to lead from the upper end of the Fens along Muddy River to Jamaica Pond. Midway in this Back Bay Park, Agassiz Road, crossing the channel on a five-arched, rough stone bridge, connects the two avenues. These roadways are generally of the level of the city streets about the park, but in places they lower to the level of the marshes, and skirt the margin of the waterway.

The parkway system, planned with special regard to pleasure driving, riding, and walking, is intended to form, with existing and projected city avenues, a continuous promenade from the Common through the Back Bay Fens to Marine Park by way of Jamaica Park, the Arboretum, and Franklin Park. It will afford a passage having the character of a street of great width, strung with verdant features and other objects of interest, so laid out as not seriously to interfere with the business routes of the city. The first and principal parkway division, for which ground has already been secured, is a continuation of the Fenway upon higher ground, and it follows up the fresh-water course of the Muddy River, a small stream bordered by passages of rushy meadow and varied slopes from the adjoining upland, and adorned by trees in groups, diversified by thickets and open glades. In its upper valley is a chain of picturesque fresh-water ponds, alternating with attractive natural groves and meadows, the uppermost of these sheets of water being Jamaica Pond. A considerable enlargement of the pleasure-grounds is to be made in the vicinity of Ward and Willow ponds, near the head of the parkway, in order to provide for one of the aquatic divisions of the Natural History Society's proposed zoological garden. Provision has been made for a future electric street car line in the parkway, with its rails laid in the turf, and thus separated from the driveway.

In naming the different points of the Fens and parkway, each local name has been derived from some topographical or historical local circumstance. In the marshy park, appropriately called the Back Bay Fens or The Fens, the division lying between Boylston Road and Charles River, into which the basin opens by a gateway, is called Charlesgate, and the streets bordering the same respectively Charlesgate East and Charlesgate West. The sylvan bank of the basin is called the Fenside, and so much of the parkway as is carried on the bank is called the Fenway. For convenience, distinctive names with the uniform termination "way" have been given to different parts of the parkway system. Thus the part of the parkway in which the course of the Muddy River is followed is called Riverway.

Besides the parkway that, taking a southerly course, is planned to follow the valley of Muddy River, there are two extensive city avenues—Commonwealth Avenue and the Beacon Street widening—having the character of parkways, both important additions to the means for the open-air recreation of the people of Boston. These avenues connect the Common and the Fens with the existing spacious public pleasure-ground at Chestnut Hill, three miles away; here are fine shade trees, and well-made drives and walks that pass between and around Chestnut Hill Reservoir, two broad artificial lakes, the whole area of the grounds being more than 200 acres in extent. Bordering the west and the southerly shore of the reservoir is a space overgrown with ivy, diversified in ledges and levels, covered with a wild growth of vines, plants, and flowers, and merging into slopes grown up with young evergreen-trees. Within the city a division of the parkway system a mile and three-quarters in length, called the Outer Pleasure Circuit of Back Bay, is made by connecting Beacon Street with the Audubon Road that winds through the Fens.

Charlesbank on the southerly bank of the Charles River, immediately north of the West Boston Bridge, is at present united with the parkway system only by city streets. The work of constructing this recreation ground was begun in April, 1885, and it was completed in the summer of 1889. It is an esplanade 2223 feet in length and 200 feet in width, lying between the westerly line of Charles Street and the river. At its outer side a level promenade twenty-five feet wide, bounded on the river-side by a massive retaining wall with a dressed granite coping and an iron railing, adjoins and overlooks deep water; the coping is fifteen feet above mean low-water. This promenade is bordered on the side opposite the river by a row of trees and shaded seats, in the rear of which the ground rises in grassy slopes of a natural aspect, planted with groups of young trees and clumps of shrubbery, amid which wind pleasant paths. At the northerly end of Charlesbank is the open-air gymnasium, opened to the public August 27, 1889. It is a space 500 feet by 150 feet in extent, enclosed by an iron fence, and provided with apparatus consisting of two sheds with ten sets of chest weights in each, two giant stride poles, twelve sets of horizontal bars, eight sets of parallel bars, six jumping boxes, seven sets of boxes for quoit pitching, hammer and shot throwing, and two large frames, each 160 feet long, to which are attached swings, trapezes, ropes and poles for climbing, upright and inclined ladders, flying rings, and other gymnastic appliances. Around the outside of the ground there is a running and bicycle track fifteen feet wide and one-fifth of a mile long. The apparatus designed and furnished by D. A. Sargent, M.D., Professor of Physical Culture of Harvard University, includes important inventions specially adapted to out-of-door gymnastics and to the withstanding of exposure to the elements; and the care of the department and the exercising in it are under the superintendence of an able and experienced gymnastic instructor. The entrance to the gymnasium is at the southwest corner, through the second story of the office, a building of simple and pleasing design fronting Charles River. Broad steps lead from the promenade up to the entrance-room, where names of visitors are registered and clothing may be checked. An adjacent room is furnished as a lavatory, and the entrance is connected with the gymnastic ground by an arched bridge over the bicycle track and stairs leading to the ground.

A space 370 by 150 feet in extent, screened with shrubbery, at the south end of the ground, near the West Boston Bridge, is to be fitted with simple gymnastic apparatus, and used as a gymnasium for women and play-ground for children. An experienced female instructor will have charge of this department, which is to be adapted only to simple, quiet forms of recreation, in which many can be engaged at a time. At these completely fitted gymnasiums, attended with every attractive and beneficial feature of open air, whoever desires systematic physical training may here receive it freely under the care and advice of the best instructors. The large number of persons who daily exercise in the men's gymnasium indicates the extent of the need which it supplies, and at a time not remote the effect of these athletic grounds in raising the physical standard and general health of the people cannot fail to be marked.

Charlesbank is near a part of the city occupied by extensive industrial establishments and having a large tenement-house population. To the residents of this quarter, living in crowded narrow streets, so fair a breathing-space is an incalculable boon, and the immediate use made of it by the people of the neighborhood shows their estimation of its value. In warm weather, especially in the hot days and evenings of summer, hundreds of mothers with children resort to Charlesbank, some with baby-carriages and many more with infants in arms. Here people come at night who have been occupied all day in close, heated buildings, streets, and yards, to find refreshment in the cool, reviving river breeze. To the north the shipping at the wharves is in sight, and westerly, up the river, there is a charming prospect, commanding a view of the Back Bay quarter, with its fine houses, picturesque towers, and spires seen with the foreground of the long agreeable stretch of the esplanade. From the promenade may be seen the sunsets beyond the long sweep of the Charles River, and with the fall of night the long lines of gas lamps, close set along the river-wall and Charles Street, illuminate the scene with splendid rows of flaming lights.

There are boat landings at floats by the wall where row-boats, racing shells, and canoes can be hired of the keeper. From Charlesbank a line of steam-launches for river excursions will eventually be run at cheap fare, and a large public bath constructed adjacent to the floats. Although there is no definite plan for directly connecting Charlesbank with the rural recreation grounds and parkways, it is probable that its promenade will eventually be extended along the water-front to Harvard Bridge, joining the parkway system at the Fens.

Situated in a broad plain, with a range of high hills on two sides, is the proposed site of Jamaica Park, which is intended to be the connecting link between the Fens and Riverway improvement and the Arboretum. Its area is 122 acres, which includes a beautiful natural lake of 70 acres, with quiet, graceful, partly wooded shores, back of which, at conspicuous points, are numerous well-grown pines, happily massed and picturesquely dispersed. Its western shore, a somewhat steep hill-side, now disfigured by extensive ice-houses, and its eastern border, less bold and more irregular in outline, are mostly occupied by private dwellings, lying amid lawns, shrubberies, and fine trees. The pond, already a favorite resort of skaters in the winter, with the development of the park, will afford a fine locality for the amusements of boating and skating, rendered safe by proper regulations and supervision. Its forest growth admits, under Mr. Olmsted's plan, of being brought out overhangingly, darkening the water's edge, and forming great beauty in reflections and flickering half-lights. The chief approach to Jamaica Park will be by the parkway from the Fens, which will skirt the eastern shore, while the western shore will be traversed by foot and saddle paths.

An arboretum is an open-air museum intended, by the aid of living specimens, primarily to facilitate the study and increase the knowledge concerning trees and other plants. The site of the Arnold Arboretum, the fourth park in the chain of recreation grounds, comprises 167 acres, formed in part by cleared fields and in part by a picturesque space of woodland known as the Bussey Woods. This tract, bequeathed to Harvard College to be used for the purpose of scientific and educational tree and plant culture, was deeded by that institution to the city of Boston on December 30, 1882, the consideration being that the municipality should make and maintain suitable driveways within and approaching the park, and lease to the college for 1000 years the land required for the specific purposes of an arboretum.

It is intended that the Arnold Arboretum shall contain and display representatives of all the genera of trees hardy in eastern North America in a manner to show their specific qualities, and to combine opportunity for scientific research and popular instruction with the enjoyment of the forms of individual sylvan beauty. The plan contemplates that each tree shall be represented by an individual, and also by a group of individuals varying in number from six to twenty-five, selected to show varieties of character and habit, allowing for every species, native or exotic, sufficient space for its full possible growth.

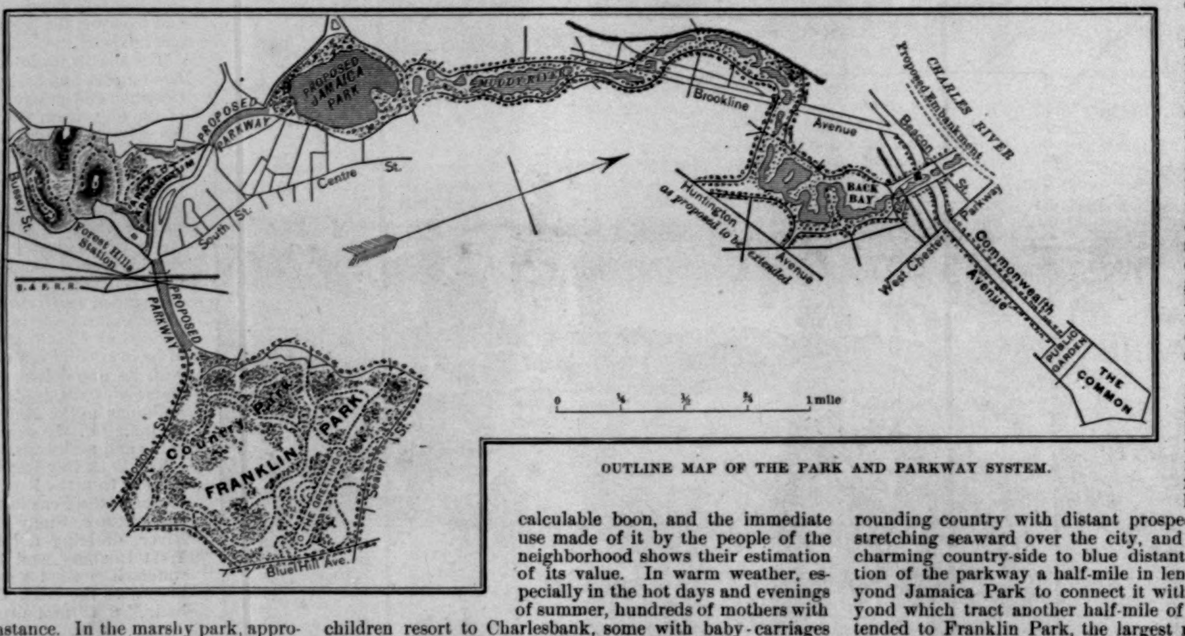
The portion of the land returned by lease to Harvard College has, under the skilful and learned management of its director, Professor C. S. Sargent, been put in condition and in large part planted with all the varieties of trees, shrubs, and herbaceous plants which can be raised in the open air in eastern Massachusetts. The work of the college has been of an admirable, liberal, thorough, and excellent character. In a single year (1886) 70,000 trees and shrubs were permanently planted; the trees, comprising oaks, walnuts, and chestnuts, the ashes, elms, catalpas, birches, hickories, hop-hornbeams, and beeches, and the coniferæ, the true pines, the firs, spruces, and larches, systematically arranged in boundary belts and in different border and coppice plantations. A large handsome stone building upon the grounds is appropriated to the agricultural department of Harvard University, and the library, cabinets, laboratory, correspondence, and records connected with the Arboretum will furnish the nucleus of a complete educational system devoted to the science of tree and plant culture. The Arboretum is both a pleasure-ground and an open-air university, which will bring to Boston from every part of the American continent pupils who wish to pursue certain lines of study in the science of forestry, the great economic importance of which is gradually coming to be generally recognized.

The Arboretum is situated in a picturesque region of the Boston suburbs, about four miles from the Common, and, like all the other recreation grounds of the park system, is easily reached either by train or by street cars. Its surface is strikingly diversified, comprising smooth, grassy slopes, rocky hill-sides, partly wooded, with numerous large trees, and a beautiful hanging wood of hemlocks. Its eminences, rising to a terrace on the highest ground, easily approached in carriages and on foot, furnish noble outlooks over the surrounding country with distant prospects, in one direction stretching seaward over the city, and in another across a charming country-side to blue distant hills. A continuation of the parkway a half-mile in length will be built beyond Jamaica Park to connect it with the Arboretum, beyond which tract another half-mile of parkway will be extended to Franklin Park, the largest recreation ground in the Boston park system.

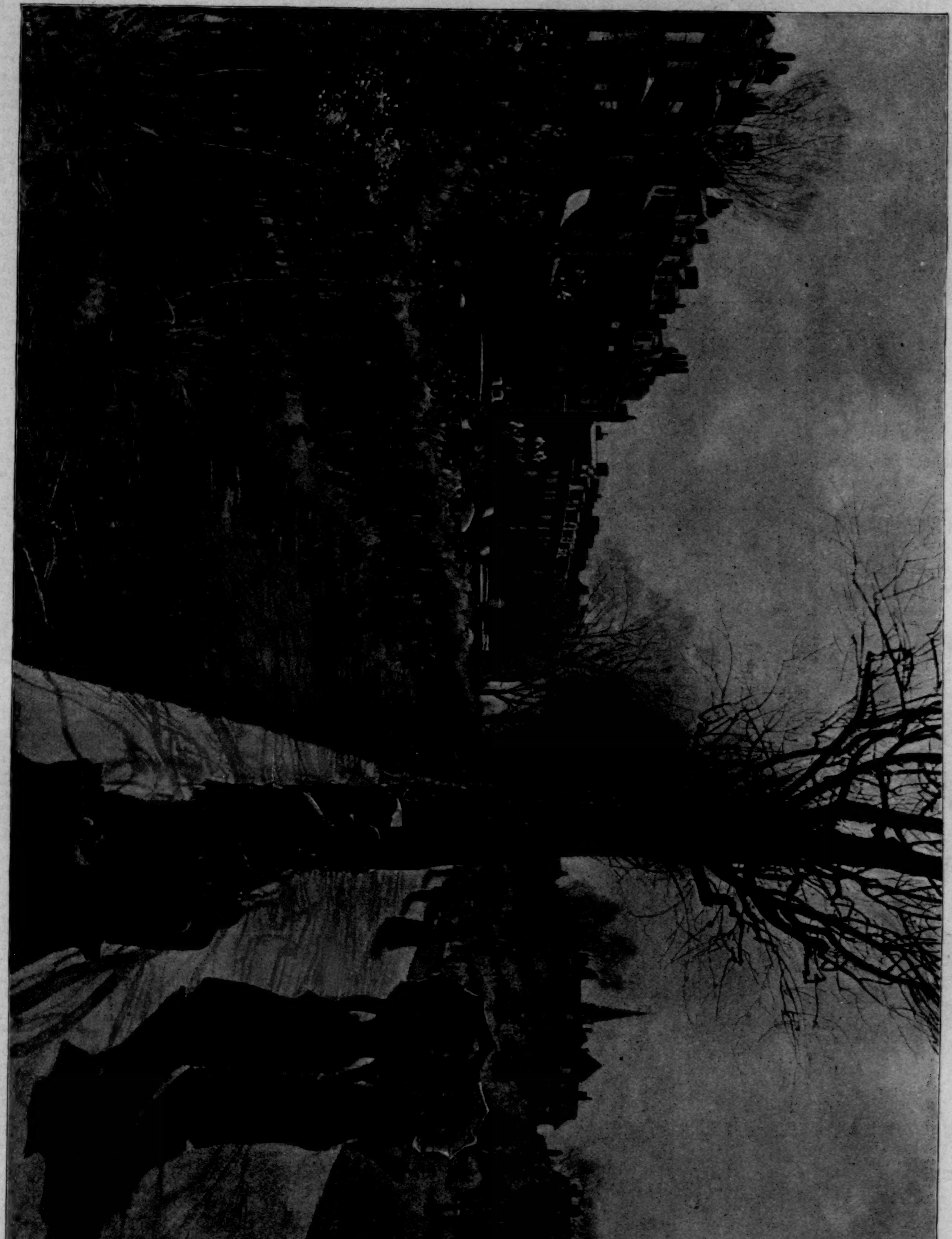
Franklin Park, situated three and a half miles southeasterly from Boston Common, has an area of 518 acres; and with the widening and planting of the streets that bound it, thus adding them to the park scheme, it will comprise 545 acres. Upon its site, the greater part of which was acquired by the city about eight years ago, some clearing of the grounds was done in 1885. A year later, under larger appropriations, the work of construction was fully begun, and the park already fulfils in a considerable measure the purposes for which it was designed. The site of the park comprised several cleared farms and the forest growth known as the Roxbury Woods, a rugged region of hills and dales, ledges, woods, and meadows, commanding fine near, distant, and middle views. The tract is composed mainly of stony upland pasture and of rocky divides between streams, covered by what is called "second growth" timber. It is thickly strewn with bowlders, and is in all points underlaid by ledges of the peculiar Roxbury pudding-stone, which break out here and there in a bold and picturesque way.

The park received its name in honor of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, who in his will, approved in 1791, bequeathed to the town of Boston £1000, to be loaned at interest for 100 years, at the end of which period the trustees are empowered to lay out the larger part of the increase in some important public work or works. In 1892, $350,000 of this fund will be available for its designated use, and it has been decided to devote this amount to the part payment of the loan made for the purchase of the park.

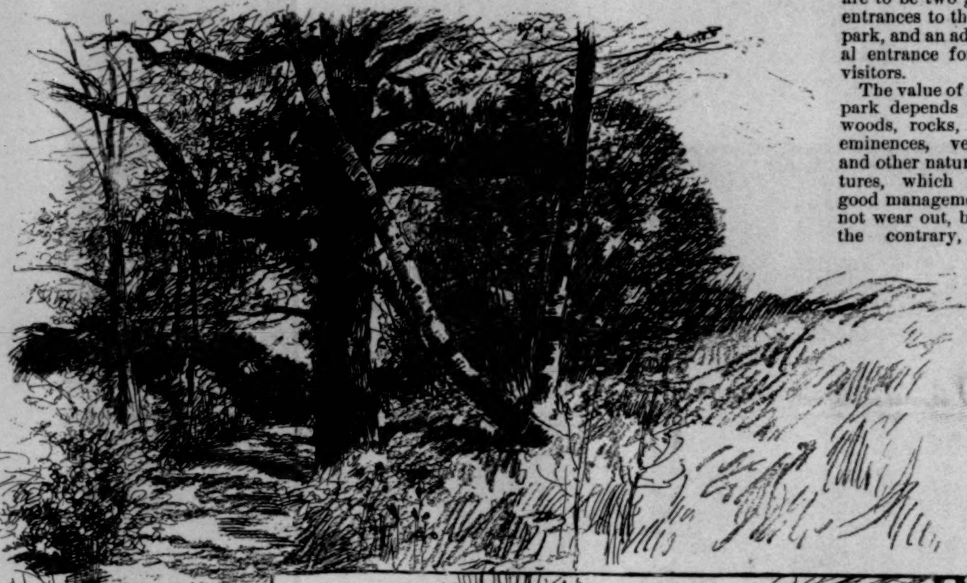
The general landscape effect of Franklin Park is of a broad dale winding between low-wooded slopes, giving a wide expanse of unbroken turf lost in the distance under scattered trees. The general purpose of the landscape design is to develop, aggrandize, and emphasize the more interesting and effective elements of its natural scenery, and to take out or subordinate neutralizing or conflicting elements, with little change of the original leading features of the ground. To gain extent of turfy surface, and to secure the continuity of the broader open passages of the park scenery, old causeways, ridges, knolls, rocks, and walls have been removed, hillocks reduced, and abrupt depressions partly filled; trees have been cut out which obstructed or divided the broader views; trees and bushes planted where shade and obscurity would enhance landscape effects; and woods and underwoods have been planted about the borders of the park, and natural growths preserved that will tend to keep out of sight the

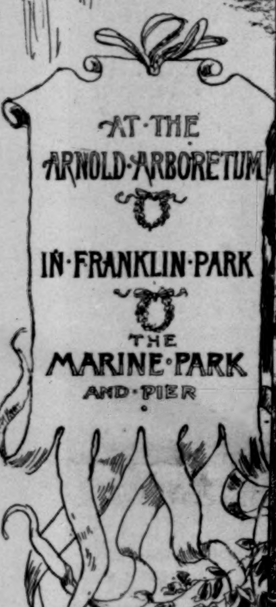


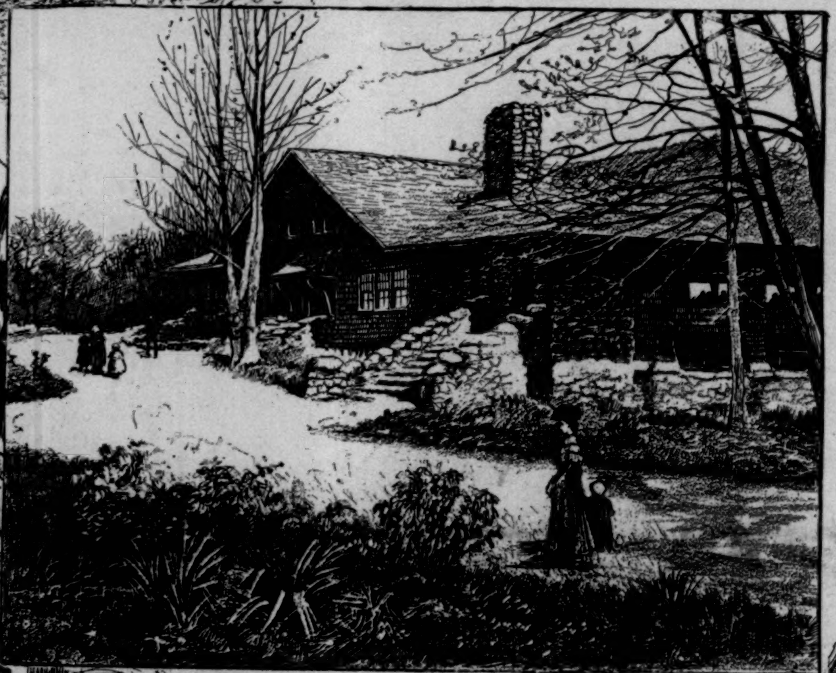
OUTLINE MAP OF THE PARK AND PARKWAY SYSTEM.

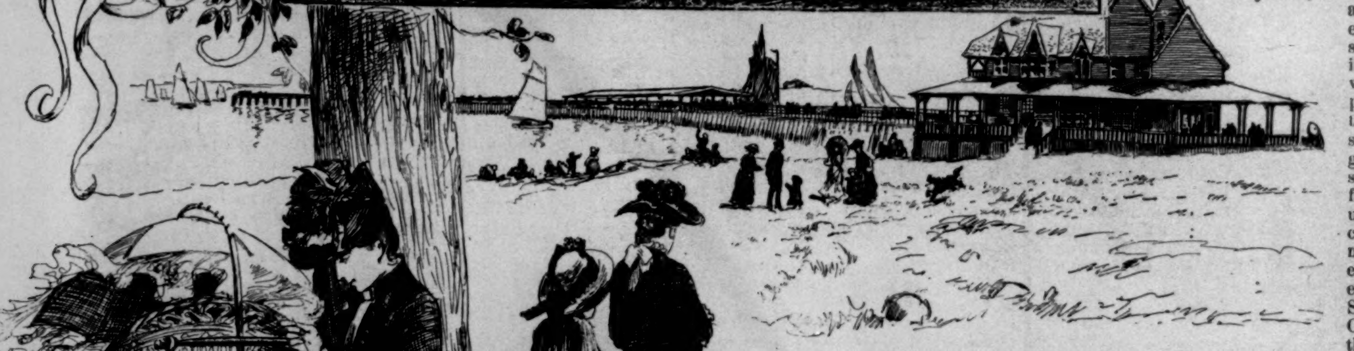


THE PUBLIC GARDEN.—From a Water-Color Painting by Childe Hassam.









outer artificial scenery to be formed by the gradual growing of the city about this recreation ground. The Roxbury Woods, known on the park plan as "The Wilderness," are interspersed with scattered irregular thickets of low, sturdy bushes, and in other places low bushes have been closely planted to obscure artificial features without making a screen between the natural features of the park.

For public convenience the park is divided by a macadamized road, Glen Lane, crossing it from east to west, which is to be open night and day for all ordinary street uses. The division, a mile long and three-quarters of a mile wide, known as the Country Park, on the side furthest from the compact part of the city, will contain about 334 acres, or nearly two-thirds of the ground, and this being enclosed by itself may be considered as the main park. The ground on the other side of Glen Lane is apportioned for various special uses. A considerable space will be lighted and open for pleasure use after daylight, and access to it may be had at all times without entering the main park. From this division there are to be two general entrances to the main park, and an additional entrance for foot-visitors.

The value of a rural park depends on its woods, rocks, lakes, eminences, verdure, and other natural features, which under good management do not wear out, but, on the contrary, gain value with age, so that the park, wisely designed and completed, becomes of greater value to each succeeding generation of citizens possessing it. Thus as the distinctive purpose in the creation of the Country Park is to provide opportunity for the quiet enjoyment of pleasing natural scenery, no artificial objects will be tolerated within it, except such ones as are necessary to the protection of the park and to the reasonable convenience of visitors. To preserve its pastoral character, the turf in most parts is kept short by a flock of sheep, which pasture in the Country Park, and are gathered at night in a sheepfold; and well-known and long-tried native trees and bushes and humble field flowers are preferred to rare varieties and exotics. The plan looks to the maintaining of this park in a manner pleasing both to the eye and ear, as a place in which a grateful quietude may be enjoyed by many thousand people at a time, allowed to distribute themselves as they choose.

The Country Park is to be enclosed with a wall four feet high, formed of the field stone drawn from its surface, and draped with vines. The intention of the plan of Franklin Park, as a whole, is that from no part of this main division of it shall anything in any other of its divisions be visible, or at most be noticeable, except rock, turf, and trees, and these only in harmonious composition with the natural scenery of the Country Park. A large part of the Country Park is to be wooded, and adapted to the use of picnic and basket parties, especially small family parties. Various conveniences for these are to be prepared, including a dairy, in which cows are to be kept in an apartment separated from the main roof by a glass partition, as in the dairies of Holland and Belgium; and those visitors who desire it are to be furnished at a moderate price with milk warm from the cow. Fowls are also to be kept, and new-laid eggs supplied. At a small house placed among arbors intended for the use of family basket parties is to be an office, with parcel-rooms and closets, and here hot water for making tea can be had without charge. Tennis-courts, croquet-grounds, archery ranges, and small lawns for little children's festivities, are provided for in near connection with the various picnic-grounds. But little more work is required to finish the surface of this park as it is designed to be left for use by the public, and it will be completed this season except the circuit drive.

The names of the various localities of Franklin Park are quaint and picturesque. Some of the appellations were found in use—as Abbotswood, Glen Road, and Rock Hill. In most of the others old homestead names of the neighborhood are recalled—as Scarborough Hill, Hagborne Hill, Waittwood, Rock Morton, and Ellicottdale, obtained in part from colonial records of the park property. Nazingdale is from the English town Nazing, the birthplace of the first settlers. Long Crouch was the colonial name of the road now known as Seaver Street, adjoining the woods to which the name is given. Old Trail Road is nearly on the line of the Indian foot-path used in the earlier communications between Boston and Plymouth. The name Resting Place marks a shady knoll upon which the first military company formed in the colonies with the purpose of armed resistance to British authority rested on its march home after the fight at Lexington. The captain and lieutenant of the company were both of families that at one time had homes on the park lands, and from them the names Heathfield and Pierrepont Road are taken. The region named the Wilderness is referred to in records of the early part of the last century as "The Rocky Wilderness Land." Playstead and Steading are the old designations respectively of a rural play-ground and of the offices of a rural estate. Greeting refers to the purpose of a promenade. School-master Hill is so named in allusion to the circumstance that William Emerson and his brother, Ralph Waldo Emerson, while keeping school in Roxbury, lived in a house on the east side of this hill. Private letters of Emerson are preserved in which he refers fondly to the wildness and rurality of the neighborhood.

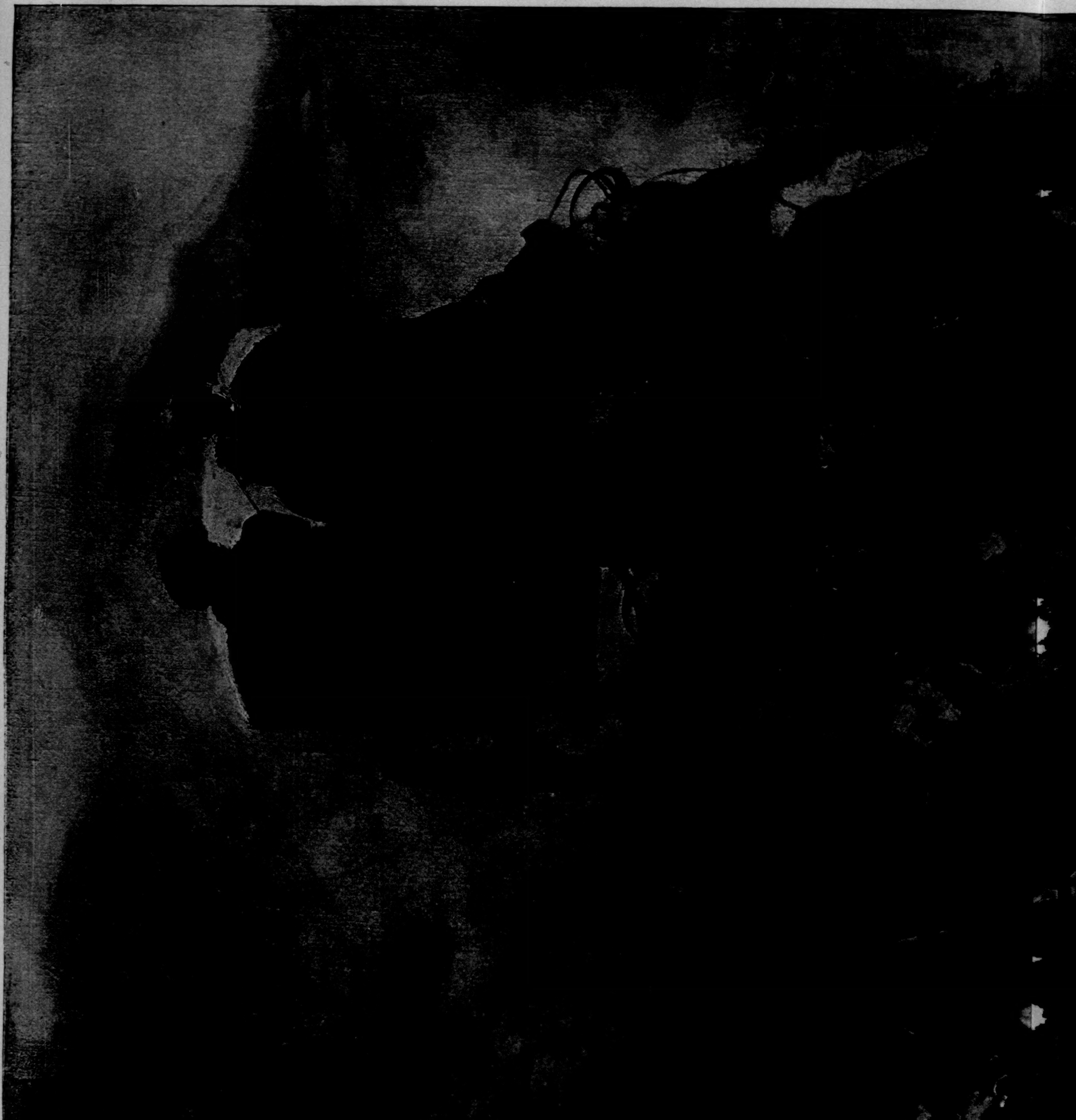
Where the circuit road is carried among the rocky and wooded part of the Country Park a narrow road is thrown out and brought back to the circuit drive, passing, by winding courses, among the rocks of the picturesque and romantic upper part of the Wilderness. There are provided merely such roads and paths as will carry people in the most natural manner from point to point, so as to obtain the greatest enjoyment of the scenery, and every turn in these ways is suggested by some natural circumstances. Notwithstanding the rugged surface of the larger part of the site, the driveways are at no point steep, and the grades have been obtained without much disturbance of natural features.

In that part of Franklin Park which lies outside of the Country division, the Playstead, a nearly level field of turf twenty-seven acres in extent, little broken by rock, is intended to be used for the athletic recreation and education of the city's school-children. About it curves a broad driveway, opening at different points into other parts of the park. From a flag-staff, consisting of a single stick of Douglas spruce from Oregon, 105 feet in length, standing upon a ledge near the centre of the green, a pennant is displayed on every pleasant day, and the ensign is unfurled on Sundays and holidays. On the southerly side of the green is a rustic fountain of excellent drinking water, fed from a living spring. At the entrance to the Country Park from the Playstead district are picturesque wrought-iron gates, which run upon tracks laid across the driveway and walks, and when the Country Park is open are concealed in chambers of rustic masonry.

Adjoining the Playstead on the south is the "Overlook" for spectators, an elevated stone platform eight hundred feet long covering a barren ledge, and shaded in the afternoons by trees of natural growth. Here parents or attendants of children brought to the park for an outing can rest while their little charges disport themselves upon the green. The Overlook is built of bowlders obtained in clearing the Playstead; and its face, mainly overgrown and hidden by naturally disposed vines and plants growing from its base or from the interstices of the rough wall, harmonizes with the natural scenery. Disposed upon the Overlook are rustic drinking fountains and seats of stone covered with oak slats. In its rear, obscured by the natural forest, is a large, low shelter house, to be used as a retreat for visitors, built of field stone, laid so as to show weather-worn and mossy faces; the roof and part of the superstructure are covered with rived cypress shingles. In its basement, entered from the Playstead by an arched passage in the walls of the Overlook, are the park-keepers' rooms, apartments for women, a lavatory, and rooms for the depositing of outer garments, bats, balls, and croquet, and other implements of play. At the formal opening of the Playstead, June 12, 1889, the Governor of the Commonwealth, the Mayor of Boston, members of the city government and School Board, and other invited guests, were present, and 8000 school-children participated in the exercises.

The Greeting is a system, yet to be formed, of parallel and contiguous drives, rides, and walks under rows of trees, providing a promenade or meeting-ground half a mile in length. Like the Playstead, it is to be without underwood, and these two adjacent divisions, which together will form an enclosed ground a mile in length, reaching across the park, are to be adapted by electric lighting for night as well as day use. The remainder of the division of the park north of Glen Lane is assigned for various purposes. A sylvan amphitheatre three acres in extent, adapted to concerts, is to

(Continued on page 753.)



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AN ARMY MAIL AMBULANCE—A "BUSTED" BRAKE AND A DOWN GRADE.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.